

04/02 \$12.00
BLACK & WHITE
612035812001
230102 6
FEBRUARY 2002

Black+White®

59

Erin O'Connor
Life is beautiful

Rebecca Romijn-Stamos
Sex on wheels in 'Rollerball'
Stranger than 'Fiction'
Quentin Tarantino's new movies

Mark Raffety
The Devil in Dr Darcy
Hello Sunshine!
Why Brisbane rocks

Peter Lindbergh
'Rabbit-Proof Fence'
Hiroshi Nonami
The White Stripes
Lemon Jelly

Design
Photography
Art
Nudes

94718 10039 01

Only Black+White is a 50% off
February 2002 Australia (INC GST) \$12.00
A \$14.95 UK £8.95 NZ (INC GST) \$19.95

POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN

THE GALERIES VICTORIA, 500 GEORGE STREET SYDNEY & WESTFIELD HORNSBY



Credits

www.wblackandwhite.com

Editor-in-Chief

Marcello Grand
marcello@studio.com.au

Editor

Karen-Jane Eyre
kj@studio.com.au

Deputy Editor

Nick Dent
nick@studio.com.au

Features Editor

Felicity Loughrey
felicity@studio.com.au

Photo Editor

Robert Vescio
robert@studio.com.au

Creative Director

Marcello Grand

Art Director/Designer

David Gilligan
davidg@studio.com.au

Production Manager

Kirsten Holmes
kirsten@studio.com.au

Production Coordinator

James Blackman
james@studio.com.au

LA Correspondent

Rick Castro
pysczuckett@mediaone.net

London Correspondent

David G Taylor
studio@davidtaylor.com

Milan Correspondent

Blob Creative Group
blobcg@tin.it

New York Correspondent

Reed Massengill
editorial@studio.com.au

Paris Correspondent

Cristina Calligaro
cristina@club-internet.fr

Rome Correspondent

Jonathan Turner
editorial@studio.com.au

San Francisco Correspondent

Conrad Hechter
conradhechter@hotmail.com

Contributors

Bryan Adams, Clare Barker, John Casado, Eliza Compton, Hannah Cutts, Fred Deakin, Rachel Delahaye, Jean-Jacques Dicker, Angus Fontaine, Anna Graham, Marc Grimwade, Kate Hamilton, Melissa Huyghebaert, Stefan Jannides, Chiun Kai-Shih, Kevin Kerslake, Simon Lekias, Peter Lindbergh, Robin Lynch, Robin Marchbank, Mark McInnes, Gina Milicia, Michael Nolan, Hiroshi Nonami, Emma Nowland, Glenn Peters, Prue Porter, Samantha Selinger-Morris, Isabel Snyder, Manfred Wirtz. Special thanks to Anthony Donovan, Jeffrey Ho and Samantha Hilda Holmes.

Advertising

(+61 2) 9360 1422

National Advertising

And Marketing Manager

Kim Norman
kim@studio.com.au

Victorian Advertising Manager

Catherine Kavenagh
catherine@studio.com.au

Business Development Manager

David Stenhouse
david@studio.com.au

Financial Controller

Terry Warder
terry@studio.com.au

Credit Manager

Tara Saggu
tara@studio.com.au

Administration

Jade Oliver, Sin Won

Subscriptions

sin@studio.com.au

Not Only Black+White (ISSN 1038-9423) is published six times a year by Studio Magazines Pty Ltd. All rights reserved. Not Only Black+White is a registered trademark of Studio Magazines Pty Ltd. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is strictly prohibited. Photographic material submitted for publication is sent at the owner's risk and, while every care is taken, neither Not Only Black+White nor its agents accept any liability for loss or damage. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the publisher. Not Only Black+White is registered in Australia. Printed in South Korea by Samhwa Printing Co Ltd. Scans by Point Graphics, 13/65-75 Captain Cook Dr, Caringbah, NSW 2229. Distributed by NDD Distribution Pty Ltd, 75-79 O'Riordan St, Alexandria, NSW 2015, tel: (+61 2) 9353 9911.

Studio Magazines head office: Level 3, 101-111 William Street, East Sydney, NSW 2011, Australia. Telephone: (+61 2) 9360 1422. Administration fax: (+61 2) 9360 9550. Editorial fax: (+61 2) 9360 9723. Sales fax: (+61 2) 9360 9742.

Black+White welcomes written and photographic submissions. We can not guarantee the return of all material so please do not send original prints. Submissions can be made via e-mail or post to the Features Editor or Photo Editor.

Cover Photography Erin O'Connor by Bryan Adams

Credits/Contents Photography Terence Chin @ Mari Vendrame Management

STOCKISTS

Absolut Vodka from leading bars, restaurants and cafes

Australian Museum (02) 9320 6000

David Bromley Agency (08) 8449 1570

Interflora 1800 808 500

Longines (03) 9510 5301

Panasonic 13 26 00

Polo Ralph Lauren Jeans (02) 9951 0505

Rado Watches (03) 9510 5301

W Hotels 1800 025 525

Contents

REM » Rapid Eye Movement

MIXED MEDIA

Mixing up the visual hits

WE COULD BE HEROES

Sydney's Sequence Comics are feeling super (thanks for asking)

THE WHITE STRIPE HYPE

Stripped-back rock from Detroit's acclaimed duo

CONSONANT CRAVING

Hip hotel fans demand their W

HARDING'S HEROES

Film stars and photographers through Leeta Harding's lens

004

008

010

012

014

SAS » Short Attention Span

SWEET SOUNDS

The sonic smarts of London duo Lemon Jelly

HEAVY PETTING

Meet artist Del Kathryn Barton and her furry friends

THE SUSPENSE IS KILLING US

Question for Quentin:

where's that new Tarantino movie?

Q&A MALCOLM DAY

Australia's King Of Sex speaks out

016

018

022

111

Features »

RABBIT SHOOTER

Asian cinema's gun-for-hire on the art of *Rabbit-Proof Fence*

VIVA BRISVEGAS

Welcome to the arts end of the world

BEC'S APPEAL

Why Rebecca Romijn-Stamos' acting career is on a roll

028

032

038

Starlust »

RAFFETY'S RULES

Neighbours' Mark Raffety releases his inner demons

ERIN'S ISLAND

Erin O'Connor stands out in a tepid modelling sea

024

048

Gallery »

CHIUN-KAI SHIH

HIROSHI NONAMI

JOHN CASADO

MANFRED WIRTZ

BRYAN ADAMS

JEAN-JACQUES DICKER

PETER LINDBERGH

042

056

066

074

082

090

100

End Page »

MELISSA HUYGHEBAERT

112





1 Absolut Intoxication

WITH their typically creative approach to marketing, Absolut Vodka have commissioned Australian designers and artists to interpret the Seven Deadly Sins in a series of snazzy photographs taken by Peter Bainbridge. *Absolut Lust* (pictured) was styled by latex-loving Bridie Lander, who has recently returned from working with avant-garde homewares collective Droog design in Amsterdam. The images will appear as projections in top Sydney and Melbourne bars throughout March. Absolut also invited those bars to invent a cocktail to go with a particular sin; Absolut Lust, as invented by Jeremy Shipley of Tow Bar, Sydney, contains gold-infused Absolut vodka, cassis and champagne. So what happens if you drink the lust cocktail while looking at the lust picture? You get drunk, of course. *Nick Dent*

2 The Time Is Wow

IN the house of Gucci, G is not for this season's neo-grunge urges. It's for gold, and Tom Ford has struck the stuff with his Gucci Timepiece range. The androgynous 8505 series, available in yellow gold or stainless steel with a double fold clasp, combines Swiss precision with Italian derring-do. In PR-speak it's "simplicity of design that hints at flamboyance". More G words: gotta get the goods. *Anna Graham*

www.gucci.com



3 The Fly II

NELL likes flies. The quirky Sydney artist began her love affair with the irritating *Musca domestica* in 1999, with her installation featuring thousands of the plastic variety seeping down a wall. Her latest work, *The Fly And The Mountain*, is an extension of that creepy creation. Describing it as "fly-on-the-wall meets B-grade horror film in an Australian summer", it consists of a model blowfly that is as long as Nell is tall (1.6 metres). This monstrous masterpiece will be positioned atop a mountainscape, made by fellow artist, Mel O'Callaghan. "The show's going to open in the middle of summer," Nell enthuses, "so it will be like this giant blowfly just went and landed in the art gallery. I can't wait!" *Emma Nowland*

The Fly And The Mountain is on display at The Art Gallery Of New South Wales until March 3.

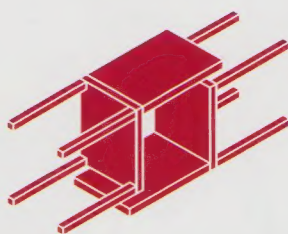
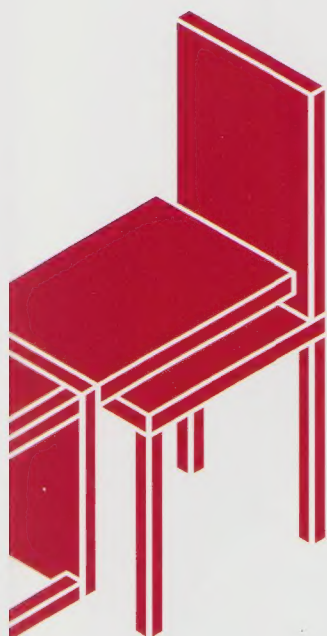
4 Specy Specs

SUNGLASSES just aren't what they used to be. That's why Londoners Anna Burns, Bill Grant and Jake Novak are on a quest to salvage and sell a back-catalogue of outré, retro shades. Collecting for several years now, Burns will go to any lengths to find the perfect pair, including rummaging through her dead grandmother's wardrobe. When asked what style they can't get enough of, Burns points to "the more spacey designs. I guess it's the whole Courrèges revival that Fendi and Prada are doing at the moment." What would be her ultimate Retrospec find? "Stevie Wonder's shades from the *Hotter Than July* album cover. I hear he is having an operation that will give him partial sight so I'm eagerly awaiting a major Stevie-spec auction." *EN*

www.retrospec.net



Mixed Media



5 Rockin' Chairs



WHY do two chairs placed together in different positions look sexy? "I've been wondering that myself," says David Star, who has been getting a little too friendly with the furniture. With his self-published book *Love Seats (Positions 1-23)* and an accompanying video projection, the 31-year-old Sydney artist examines erotic displacement. "Put simply," says Star, "I am interested in furniture as pornography." To carry out the project, he made small-scale wooden chairs that he experimented with, then sketched on paper. So whatever happened to the 24th love seat position? "There were some extra positions," admits Star, "but I thought 23 was a good figure to come to without doing the full Kamasutra." *Felicity Loughrey*

www.str69.com



6 Fern Favourite



"I LIKE this shot because it has a witchy feel to it," says Trevor Worden, "getting back to the heresy of the Middle Ages." Worden's witch project involved taking some Gold Coast models into the wilds of Springbrook National Park and photographing them among rocks and trees. His resulting series of hand-toned silver gelatin prints, *Amen*, explores the historically pagan nature of female sexuality. Based in the northern New South Wales town of Murwillumbah, Worden is in thrall to "feminine power"; roughly 80 percent of his work is given over to black-and-white nudes. *FL*

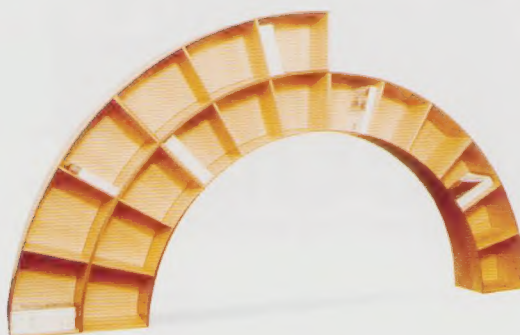
Trevor Worden exhibits Amen at Blender Gallery, Sydney until February 24.

7 Triumphal Arco



ARCHITECT, designer and former *Domus* editor Cesare Casati has constructed the ultimate bridge between form and function with his *Arco* shelving unit. The multi-layered sycamore and wenge-wood frame was designed for manufacturer Saporiti Italia's Contemporanea research project. Starting from the assumption that the furniture that really mattered last century was designed by those steeped in architecture, the Italian firm asked a rollcall of edgy architects to design an object according to their own concept of home and office. More statement than plain shelving, Casati's curve is nearly four metres wide and two metres tall. Can the Arco be found in any famous homes? "I guess so," says Casati, "but I don't have the names. I have one in my office..." That'll do. *FL*

www.saporiti.com



1 Blow-Up

- » WITH timing that is either perfect or perfectly awful, Swiss artist Christian Anderson has released a book of on-the-street explosions. In *explosions/with-out my friends* (Die Gestalten) he fakes every crunch of flying glass, every unhinged door, and every lick of flame on his computer. The erupting cars and blasted shopfronts are mixed up with collages, handwritten notes and snapshots of the artist's friends. Why? In the book's preface Armin Küste introduces Andersen as a former graffiti artist who only blows up places that have provided him with shelter. It's not about annihilation: "rather, the explosions convey stories about previous shared experiences". Küste reckons "Andersen's explosions occur in his head."



2



I See Red

BERLINER Hendrik Niefeld has made a smart, amphetamine-road trip of a video clip for "The Prince And The Palm" by Jake Mandell. The twist? The clip consists of nothing but red shapes on a white background. Infectious and recalling '50s graphic design, the video has screened on US and German music channels and is yours to enjoy on the web. Niefeld, 24, started out as a graffitist and went on to learn hand-drawn animation at art school. "Animation is not so complex to realise as real film," Niefeld says – even though the clip took four months to make (on the other hand, its simplicity means it downloads in a jiffy). Growing up behind the Iron Curtain, did he ever imagine that he would be doing anything like this? "When I was a kid, I imagined a lot of things."

superfun.net/jake.mandell/

3



Parklife

JENNY Bolis was in love with a boy who was in love with a tree. "He told me it was magical and that he loved it. I grew envious, I wanted to be that tree," she writes. On a spring day Bolis took off to Melbourne's Botanic Gardens with her Pentax and a friend whom she instructed to wear something whimsical. The resulting image resides somewhere between a magic realist story and an unsettling Cindy Sherman self-portrait. Either way, the picture caught the eye of last year's Nikon Summer Salon judges who awarded it their prize for best black-and-white work. Says Bolis, "To strip a photograph of colour, I believe, is to dismiss it from reality. The image becomes free to enter the imagination."

Nikon Summer Salon exhibits at the Centre For Contemporary Photography, Melbourne until February 28.

4



Spy Game

'RESISTANCE' is useful to the sisters behind the Huxter label, Kristin, Lisa and Susan Hoerlein. In their first year of production, the Sydney-based trio present summer streetwear that revels in the theme of subversion. "Our inspiration came loosely from 20th century espionage moments. We want the clothes to be evocative and feed the imagination." Their range is distinguished by strong graphic elements, whether printed on T-shirts or in the hip-pocket details. Their Surveillance Skirt places fashion in the crosshairs, zeroing in on a forest where their fictional subversives hide out. So who's their target? "City girls with big schemes and dreams."

(02) 9318 0377

Mixed Media

5 Grape Leap Forward

≡ AUSTRALIA gave the world wine in a cardboard box. Now we have a National Wine Centre to showcase all of our vine innovations. The \$25 million project, designed by Cox Grieve Architects, is an eco-friendly arc of conference facilities, exhibition halls and tasting rooms. Nestled in a corner of Adelaide's Botanic Gardens, the centre straddles a small creek and heritage-listed ruins from the city's first lunatic asylum, and is anchored by Australia's largest 'rammed earth' wall (soil compacted under pneumatic pressure). According to project director Steve Grieve, the wall represents "the importance of earth to the wine industry", while the striking curved strips of western red cedar imitate trellises. Now that the NWC's been uncorked, we just need that Institute Of Beer...

www.wineaustralia.com.au



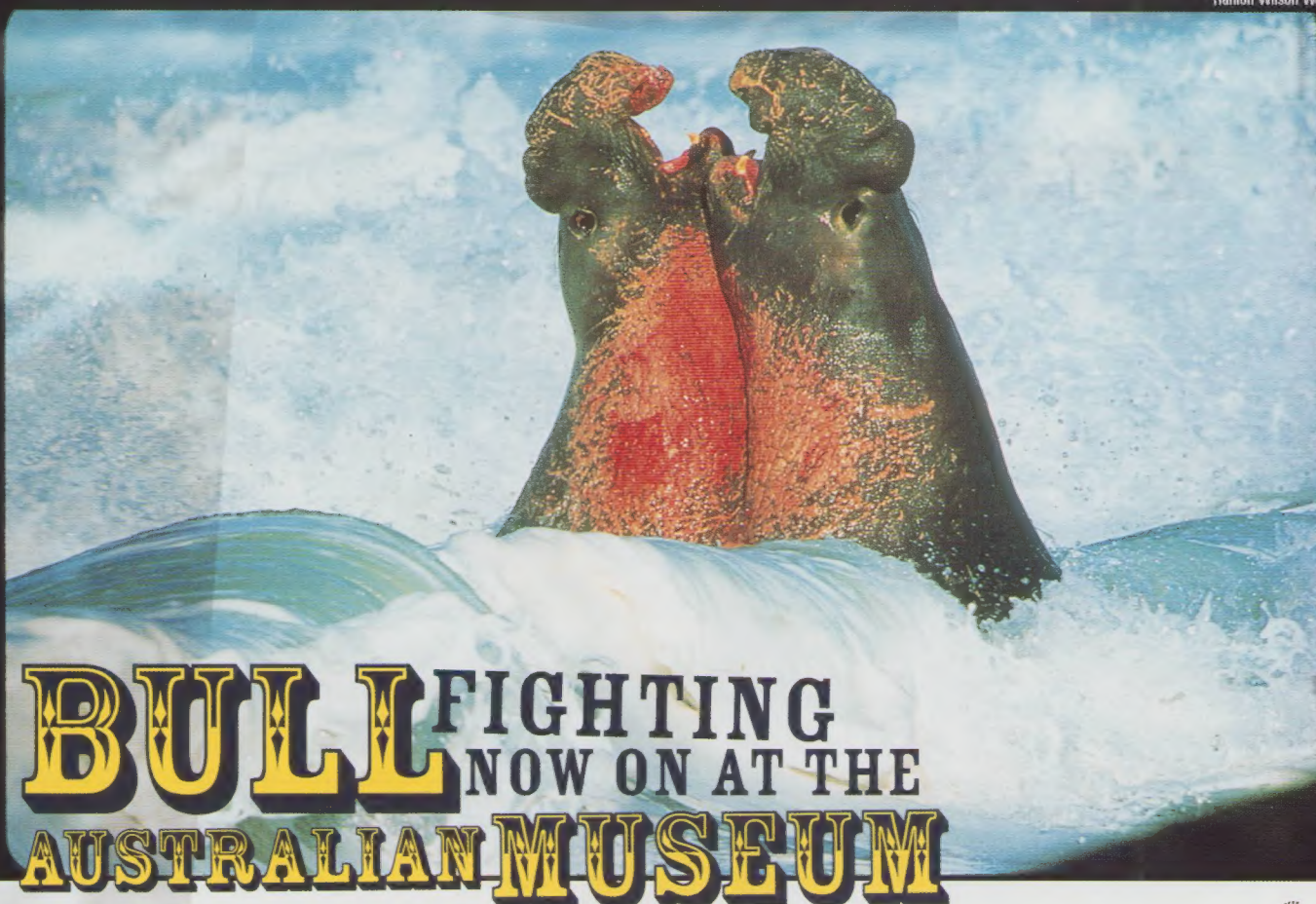
6 The Mask

≡ ALL the world's a stage – your average untidy bedroom included. For Lili Almog, it's "a place to undress personality". For the past three years New York-based Almog has photographed women in their rooms. She began taking portraits, but her camera gradually zoomed out to encompass domestic details. She then started layering masks on her sitters (but not all). Even though Almog hides her subjects' faces, the details around them are telling. Says Almog: "I see the mask as a bridge between non-western ritual and contemporary forms of manipulation, disguise and social camouflage."

Text Felicity Loughrey

Lili Almog exhibits *A Room Of One's Own* at Stills Gallery, Sydney until March 16.

Special offer:
Use your ticket from
the 2000 BG Wildlife
exhibition to gain
two-for-one entry
into the 2001 BG
Wildlife exhibition.



Hanlon Wilson Weekes/MUS330

Tim Fritharits 'Northern Elephant Seal Bulls Fighting'

Witness the images judged to be the best in the 2001 BG Wildlife Photographer of the Year Exhibition.

See all the winning photographs in categories ranging from 'Wild Places' and 'In Praise Of Plants' to the thought-provoking 'The World In Our Hands'

Don't miss this unforgettable opportunity to witness the beauty of nature and how much it has to offer.

20 December 2001 – 10 March 2002

Entry is free after general admission to the Australian Museum Adults \$8, Children \$3, Families \$19, Concessions \$4

6 College Street Sydney. 9:30am to 5pm daily. Visit www.amonline.net.au or call (02) 9320 6000.

THE
NATURAL
HISTORY
MUSEUM

g

BG Group

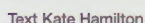
BG
wildlife
MAGAZINE

BG Wildlife
Photographer of the Year

A
M
AUSTRALIAN
MUSEUM

We Could Be Heroes

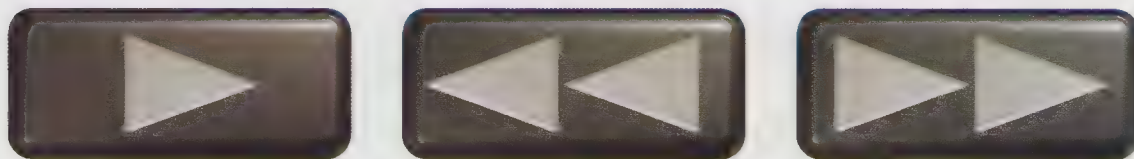
The first eight Sequence titles, which hit newsstands last October, range from the super-realism of W Chew Chan's *The Borderlander*, to Gavin O'Keefe's loopy cartooning in *Jonny Flathead: Agent Of MONSTA*. The comics mix classic B-grade plots with Ocker humour, and are peopled with Narellles and Wozzas, not to mention a Frankensteinian creation whose waking words are "I live! And I want to rock!"



From the tinny-swilling Jonny Flathead, to the sensitive New-Age Borderlander, the Sequence heroes are reluctant at best. "One of the things about being a fellow who wears a uniform," laments Borderlander in his first adventure, "is when you go into a 'trouble-spot' ... the locals think 'who's this authority figure-wanker?' and decide to kick your head in before you've got time to even say 'G'day'."



The first DVD Recorder to



WHILE



on the same disc.



As you can't be in two places at one time, the all new Panasonic DMR-E20 DVD Video Recorder can record and play, fast forward or rewind at the same time on the same disc with superior DVD quality. At the press of a button Panasonic's unique Time-Slip technology provides simultaneous record and playback.

And it allows for easy editing on the run by simply

cutting and pasting the scenes to create your own scenario for seamless playback.

Then to really hit your hot button, there is cross platform compatibility.

As well as recording and playing DVD-RAM and DVD-R discs, the new Panasonic DMR-E20 can also play DVD Video, Music CD, Video CD, CD-R and CD-RW discs.

So fast forward to your Panasonic dealer now or visit www.panasonic.com.au for details.



Image from the film The Matrix. © 2000 Village Roadshow Pictures all rights reserved. Warner Bros. An AOL Time Warner entertainment company all rights reserved.

on
Panasonic

The White Stripe Hype

They may not be the "best thing since Hendrix" but rocking Detroit siblings The White Stripes are no Dorsey & Marie either.



THERE'S a short song on the last album from US hype machine The White Stripes that serves as a piece of string tied around the duo's collective finger. "Well, you're in your little room and you're working on something good," Jack White sings in his unpolished, garage punk wail. "But if it's really good, you're gonna need a bigger room. And when you're in a bigger room you might not know what to do. You might have to think of how you got started, sitting in your little room."

The White Stripes got started with a self-titled album a few years ago in Detroit, but in the past 12 months their fame has exploded. On both sides of the Atlantic they've been described in the music bibles as the Saviours Of Rock and more. They went to the UK mid-last year as unknowns to promote their third album *White Blood Cells* and ended up on the cover of the *NME* and raved about in the daily newspapers.

It's a stonking, stripped back, riff-ridden record produced with just guitar and drums, the result of a love affair with old blues, folk and, let it be said unflinchingly, classic rock. Jack's somewhat whiney voice has a certain Ray Davies quality to it, while Meg White's thudding drums make her Led Zeppelin's John Bonham in pigtales. It's an appealing, raw sound to be sure, but The Best Thing Since Hendrix (UK's *The Times*)?

Speaking from their Detroit home, Meg keeps a cool head. "We just play the music and they're gonna write what they're gonna write," she says, with a cartoon chipmunk laugh. "I mean I hate to have those kinds of labels put on us 'cos I don't want to disappoint anyone." In fact, they had even asked the *NME* not to do the cover. "I think a band loses a lot of its appeal when

they're slapped on every cover of every magazine," she says.

"Part of the point of liking a band is being like, 'I know about this great band and no one else knows about 'em!' People start hating things when they become too popular sometimes."

In the UK, hype can create pop superstars at the flick of a switch, and more often than not the switch is flicked in John Peel's Radio 1 studio, where the famed dj (that's 'dj' in the old money) still declares where sharp music lovers should look for the cutting edge. That he reportedly described The White Stripes as the "best band since the Sex Pistols or Hendrix" probably says more about the veteran Peel, now in his early sixties, than the band, but it was certainly enough to produce full houses at obscure gigs and set off a media fawning frenzy.

The truth is, it was easy to see this coming. The seesaw from overblown to sparse production is the same as the charge and retreat of hemlines. With current giants Radiohead skulking about on the dark side of the moon, a return to earth was always next on the cards. Just as you can be sure that the music press now awaits Peel's announcement that he's heard the new ELO.

Meanwhile, as the hype inevitably cools about a garage rock duo that dresses exclusively in red and white, here's hoping we don't find The White Stripes surrounded by gongs and orchestral charts in a gigantic studio they bought from Fleetwood Mac, staring at the piece of string on their finger and wondering what it was they had to remember.

White Blood Cells is out now on Remote Control.





TIME CHANGES EVERYTIME

RADO
Switzerland

NEW: 'eSenza' FROM RADO.

The Rado 'eSenza' stands out distinctively in pure Rado design: without crown. The curved sapphire crystal floats like a cupola over the entire upper surface of the watch. A fine leather strap moulds itself smoothly to your wrist.

For further information Tel: (03) 9510 5301 Fax: (03) 9529 5172 www.rado.com

Consonant Craving

Text Prue Porter

How do you
make an impact
in the crowded
designer-hotel
corral of
New York City?
Where there's
a W, there's
a way.

THEY boast of having the most comfortable beds in the business, and lure petulant rock stars with a service motto of 'Whatever you want, whenever you want it'. And with an emphasis on chic fittings and original art, it's no wonder W Hotels are Ian Schrager's hottest competition in the chase for the sophisticated traveller.

In the US the rivalry between the two is fierce and even more so since the opening of W's Times Square property in December, which brings New York City's total to five W Hotels. It marked the 16th to open in just three years, including the remarkable W Sydney at The Wharf in Woolloomooloo, W's first venture outside of North America.

For the latest incarnation, Toronto-based design partners George Yabu and Glenn Pushelberg were chosen to transform the empty hotel shell on Broadway and 47th Street into the brand's flagship address. Its sleek interiors and sexy ambience are light years away from the razzamatazz of the Planet Hollywood Hotel that once threatened to occupy the site.

"We wanted to create a release. To make it sensual and calming and add a sense of modernity and subtlety to an over-the-top place that's becoming more and more like an adult Disneyland," says Pushelberg. Nor, he says, did they wish to add another Schrageresque, tricky, design-driven hotel to the growing list.

On entering at street level guests pass by a glass-encased waterfall before riding the elevator to the fourth-floor check-in area with its black lacquer reception desk, white leather seating squares and linear hanging lamps. Aesthetics are maintained at all costs: models and actors are cast in staff roles, emulating Schrager's notorious beautiful people policy.

In the 500 smallish rooms, creating a feeling of space was paramount. The solution: the wall separating bedroom from bathroom is replaced with a translucent white polycarbonate panel; desk tables are topped with glass; mirrored headboards stretch from bed to ceiling; and amber-coloured resin night tables are illuminated from within. A specially designed wall covering fades from the charcoal carpet to the cream ceiling and at night, the amber resin cubes cast a low light rendering the floors and walls seamless.

The hotel is also home to Blue Fin restaurant, with its bird's eye view of Broadway, and The Whiskey bar run by Rande Gerber. In homage to the hotel's past when it housed one of New York City's famous discos, Club USA, The Whiskey has funky illuminated floor tiles that change colour on contact, chain mail light screens, and a bar covered in tiny mirror pieces. There is also a communal bathroom that sports one-way mirrors, bringing a touch of *Ally McBeal* to proceedings.

www.whotels.com



- 1 Rande Gerber's The Whiskey
- 2 Blue Fin restaurant
- 3 Fourth-floor check-in
- 4 Ground-floor entrance
- 5 W Living room



DAVID BROMLEY

REPRESENTED IN MELBOURNE BY SCOTT LIVESSEY ART DEALER
1120 HIGH ST ARMADALE TEL +61 3 9509 4722

THE NUDE SHOW
MARCH – APRIL 2002

Are you Interested?

We are looking for striking people to model for semi-nude paintings by David Bromley.

To be considered please send some details and a head-shot of yourself to:

Tori c/- Adelaide B.C. Box 10043 Adelaide SA 5000. For more details email us at tori@iweb.net.au





H



Harding's Heroes

Leeta Harding has met her idols. Now she's out to photograph a few.

1. Scarlett Johansson, Arizona, 2001
2. Model's legs, fashion shoot, New York City, 2001

IN 1996 Leeta Harding fronted up to Wolfgang Tillmans at a book signing in Soho, New York. Harding asked him to sign a copy of *Index* magazine (Tillmans had shot the cover, and it was cheaper than his book). The two photographers got talking and Tillmans encouraged Harding to visit *Index*'s offices.

Five years later Harding is speaking on her mobile from Hollywood's Chateau Marmont. Tomorrow she will be shooting Patricia Arquette for an *Index* cover. She has just arrived in LA and has already spotted Tommy Lee Jones in a restaurant. "I'm pretty excited," the Canadian admits.

Like Tillmans, Harding has an unfussy, impulsive style. Her subjects are photographed without gimmicks or stifling attention to wardrobe. For her shoot of Scarlett Johansson (seen next in *Ghost World*), she let the young actress choose her own ultra-pink lipstick and turquoise top, took her into a garden and captured the teenager's nifty sexuality. Harding hopes the same approach will work tomorrow with Arquette. "I'm keeping it very open. I want to let her personality reveal itself."

Harding's spy-cam snapshots of unexpected details at parties and fashion shoots are an ongoing project for her. "I'm out a lot and I always have my camera," she says. "New York has a great tradition of social activity – a cool new bar, the opening of an expensive clothing store. People are very, very social in New York. That's where people make contacts and develop ideas. It's also glamorous. And yeah, I'm a definite voyeur."

In June last year Harding met photography's most famous voyeur, Helmut Newton, over lunch in Zurich. Growing up on Vancouver Island, Harding pored over Newton's *Vogue* shoots and later in her first art school essay she compared the works of Tillmans and Newton. "It was such a great experience to sit next to him [Newton] and ask him anything that popped into my head," says Harding. "The first question I asked was, what's your favourite magazine?" Newton's reply? *Housewives In Bondage*.

Leeta Harding exhibits this month at Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris as part of a group show of Index photography.

Interflora...

send flowers



...you don't need anything else!

Flowers & gourmet hampers delivered for any occasion, anywhere.

Call your local Interflora florist
Ring the Interflora Flowerline 1800 808 500
www.interflora.com.au

Insist on Interflora to guarantee the perfect delivery, every time.



Sweet Sounds

Two sample-mad Londoners with a tart sense of humour,

Lemon Jelly

make chill-out music that goes down a treat.



"IF I WAS a sofa," says Fred Deakin, in his North London moan, "I would be corduroy and probably a corner sofa." Nick Franglen can sympathise: "I rather fancy being a Napoleonic chaise longue in red and gold with loads of curlicues."

You could say Deakin and Franglen have an affinity for homely comforts, not to mention surreal humour. As Lemon Jelly, one of the cleverest electro-pop duos around, they made their first EP in Deakin's grandmother's front room. They may have just been arsing about ("We were never going to put Michael Jackson out of business, it was meant to be something you stumble across," Franglen says) but the results crackle with witty juxtapositions – like a Monty Python skit you can dance to.

The track "The Staunton Lick" is probably kicking around in the back of your head thanks to multiple airings on Triple J last year. Typical of the Deakin/Franglen cache, it opens with spoken word instructions from *Teach Yourself Folk Guitar* – "Hold down the cord of C ... now pluck the strings all together" – spilling into magnificently cheery loops. It comes from their October 2000 release *LemonJelly.ky* (Remote Control), a compilation of three EPs (*Bath, Yellow and Midnight*). Despite the absence of advertising, and a sticker on each CD warning consumers not to buy it if they already own the EPs, the pair have managed to move 100,000 units.

Naturally, critics love them. *Melody Maker* called their music "a bright shiny thing – like a thousand fizzy champagne bubbles popping in your head." *NME* claimed Lemon Jelly as one of their Tips For 2000, even before the band had a record deal. Dj Tim Ritchie of Radio National's *Sound Quality* says he hasn't been this excited since hearing Joy Division. He explains Lemon Jelly's sound is "simple to the ear, but if you know how they make their music, it's incredibly complex. It's like classical music, they have found sounds rather than notes and with them they make a melody. It's almost like elevator music, but if there was any elevator that played this I would be going up and down all day."

Right now the duo are in the Sussex countryside recording their new long player. Asked what the title will be, Deakin dryly answers: "*Work Of Genius Part One To Nine*, but every other day it's *Piece Of Shit Part One To Nine*." It's a hard slog, says Deakin, but "everything good should be hard work. If it's easy, it's cheating." Considering the pair can spend hours tweaking tiny soundbites, don't expect the new album anytime soon. "We're notoriously slow workers," says Franglen. "We are yet to meet any deadline we have ever given ourselves."

The two first met as North London teenagers when Franglen swept Deakin's sister off on a midnight motorbike ride. Catching up again years later they found a mutual affinity for obscure post-punk '70s singles.

"It's almost like elevator music, but if there was any elevator that played this I would be going up and down all day."

Deakin, the obsessive owner of 20,000 records, used to helm a London club night called Impotent Fury, during which punters would spin a Wheel Of Destiny every half hour to determine the music to be played: country and western, deep trance or the *Ski Sunday* theme music. Franglen says he was always impressed with the tunes Deakin could get people dancing to.

When not djing, Deakin works in graphic design and is a member of London collective Airside. He is responsible for the artwork on the *ky* album, with its sperm, gimp men, girls in red raincoats and triple gatefold sleeve. The new album artwork promises further adventures in artful packaging. "The record company will wince when they see how much it costs," he says.

Franglen took a different (but similarly music-mad) path and became a landscape gardener to the stars, weeding Phil Collins' flowerbeds and building a small bridge that collapsed under Freddie Mercury's feet. He took the accident as a sign to move on and started programming keyboard and drums for Pulp, Björk, Hole, Blur, All Saints and the Spice Girls. "They are all very good at what they do," says Franglen. "The Spice Girls make good pop records [but] it's very different when Fred and I are in the studio and we can indulge ourselves. It's a much more satisfying experience when we are steering the ship."

Signed to XL Recordings (home to Badly Drawn Boy, Basement Jaxx and The Prodigy), Lemon Jelly's devotion to sonic and graphic details set them apart from other smarty-pants samplers. The pair admit that among *ky*'s intricate, engineered layers there are "sneaky gags and in-jokes" set up for the truly dedicated listener.

Transferring their fanatical studio perfection to the stage, however, is a tricky ask. Lemon Jelly have performed live only once: at last year's Big Chill festival in Wiltshire. "We had lots of visuals, we both played various instruments," says Franglen. "We recorded it and played it back and we didn't cringe more than three times." So were there any Lemon Jelly groupies waiting breathlessly backstage? "There were three groupies from the north of England, 17 years old and male. They weren't the groupies we'd ordered."

www.lemonjelly.ky



Heavy Petting



Sydney artist **Del Kathryn Barton** explores her animal instincts.

Text Ruth Skilbeck



prairie dog

DEL KATHRYN BARTON understands the importance of separating an artist from her pictures. "All the work is self-referential, but not in an explicit way," she says, with a furtive glance at the tape recorder near her elbow. "I'm not into bestiality, for example." That's that cleared up, then.

The Sydneysider draws delicate versions of herself with prairie dogs, rabbits and bumblebees coming in and out of her vagina and nestling into her body. "I'm very interested in the idea of the vagina as a place where the inner world can come out, or the outer world can come in. It's not about the body per se. It's about what the orifice might hold as an emotional site, of memory, of story and exchange. Often there's a sense that I'm not sure if I'm the animal or the woman necessarily."

Barton is an exuberant 28 year old, nearly six feet tall in her block-heeled mary-janes. Picking at toast in an Enmore cafe, her arms are tanned and muscular from her second passion, rock climbing, and her dyed red-and-blonde hair is tied up in thick, high punches. "I had someone recognise me the other day by my pigtails and they had seen my work. I was horrified," she gasps.

Her show in May last year, at the Ray Hughes Gallery, got the national art scene talking. "I think she draws like a dream," says Hughes, who spotted Barton's graduate show at the University Of New South Wales' College Of Fine Arts and bought one of her drawings on the spot. "She is a very brave artist who actually talks quite intimately about emotions. When she draws her body, it's a way of talking about vulnerability and about power. The work intrigues me, and I prefer to be intrigued rather than trying to worry out meaning."





self appeasing uncontained familiar
del kathryn barton

**"I had
someone
recognise me
the other day
by my pigtails
and
they had
seen my work.
I was
horrified."**

The drawings recall both the raggedy, ill-reputed models who sat for Egon Schiele at the beginning of the last century, and the Art Nouveau porn of Aubrey Beardsley. Beardsley's pen-and-ink work often invoked classical myths where potent gods in the guise of various creatures took advantage of fair maidens, and so does Barton's. She's also carrying on the habit of monologues of contemporaries such as Annie Sprinkle, although Barton is hesitant to emphasise the feminism of her paper-see. "I don't see my work as political. I'm aware that it can be picked up in that way. Some people have written about it in that way, which is fine."

The works are frugal with line and colour, and rigorously self-edited. "There is so much that goes in the bin, because it's there or it's not there immediately. I like the danger of making a line. There's a sense of arousal and presence that I need." Her subject matter has always been the figure. "Nothing else engages me to the same extent. I've always tried to draw my way through a certain level of inquiry [about] what it means to me to be in a body."

Barton drew up one of three children on an Angora goat farm on a Kurrajong bush block. In 1995 there was a house fire and all her college work was destroyed. "It's a long story," says Barton with a nervous laugh. Her share of the insurance money went into erecting a studio shed in her inner-west backyard. She jealously guards this inner sanctum, although Hughes boasts to have slipped in. "The relationship between an art dealer and an artist is far closer than a Catholic priest and his parishioners," the imperious dealer quips.

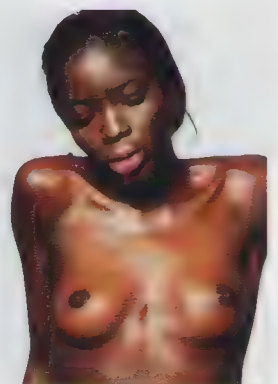
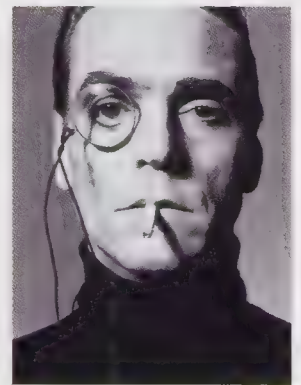
Native American animals began appearing in Barton's work last year during a three-month stint in Palo Alto, California. Her output was abundant: 60 drawings in 90 days. At the time she was staying with her Silicon Valley-based boyfriend, whom she had met rock climbing in southern Thailand. "It was a really celebratory, physical relationship. I think a part of making these images is a documentation of that."

Since returning to Sydney, Barton has incorporated Australian creatures into her pictures. In one, the woman clamps a tiny snake between her thighs and urinates on the little devil. "That was one of my favourite drawings from the show," she admits, adding that she never expected to exhibit any of [this work]. "It's taken on a life of its own."

Del Kathryn Barton's *Wallflowers* shows at Ray Hughes Gallery, Sydney until February 13.

VOLUME TWO

This special advertisement-free edition features an additional 12-page portfolio by renowned photographer **Michel Comte**



To order your copy online visit www.studiomagazines.com.au

IT'S BEEN 10 years since Mr Blonde danced a malevolent jig to "Stuck In The Middle With You", the ear-splitting moment that changed cinema forever. Behind it was a film geek with a name to fill the screen, Quentin Tarantino. The Tennessee-born, LA-based video store clerk wowed Sundance with *Reservoir Dogs*, picked up the Palme D'Or from Cannes for *Pulp Fiction* and an Oscar for Best Original Screenplay. His writing credits include *True Romance*, *Natural Born Killers* and *From Dusk Till Dawn*, and his presence haunts world cinema with the dreaded adjective 'Tarantinoesque'. Four years after *Jackie Brown* proved his style is not that easily pigeonholed, he's about to start work on *Kill Bill*, which had to be pushed back from a 2001 start date due to star Uma Thurman's pregnancy. "It's my kung-fu movie, it's my samurai movie, it's my spaghetti western, it's my revenge movie, my tough chick movie," he tells Black+White. "And it's going to be really cool."

How come it's four years since Jackie Brown and there's still nothing new from Quentin Tarantino? Well, does he look like a director who doesn't write his own screenplays?

Black+White So Quentin, where the hell have you been?

QUENTIN TARANTINO I've been writing two scripts. Some people, they sit down and write a script in two or three months. That's not me. I realise that it seems that I've been gone for a long time and I have, but I've been doing the things that make me, me and that make my cinema, you know, not better, but just makes it mine. There are a lot of directors that are writer-directors and maybe their first two or three movies are that way, but then, it becomes easier once you become a big director to find a script and be like, "Oh hey, I could make a really good movie out of this." Writing is the hard part.

So what have you been writing?

My war script took me six months just to research, and then I was writing it for about a year and a half and I wasn't quite finished on it, and I had to walk away from it. It was turning into my great American novel. My existence was writing it, not finishing it so I wanted to step away from that for a little bit and I wrote *Kill Bill* and that took a year.

What's your World War II script like?

It's my *The Good, The Bad And The Ugly*, and it's my *Dirty Dozen* movie. It's not a battle movie. It's not a Holocaust movie. It's not *All Quiet On The Western Front* or anything like that, it's more *Guns Of Navarone*, *Dirty Dozen*, *Where Eagles Dare*, *Kelly's Heroes*; a bunch of guys on a mission. But it will definitely have that spaghetti western quality because you have this thing that life is very cheap and that's been dealt with every once in a while in movies. but not that much.

Text Robin Lynch
Photography Kevin Kerslake

The Suspense is Killing Us

Tell us about *Kill Bill*.

It stars Uma Thurman and it's going to deal both with Japanese samurai stuff and Chinese martial arts and I'm going to have Sonny Chiba in it. There is a samurai sequence, maybe not to end all samurai sequences, but it is for me. I won't ever need to do another again. Then, we're going to move over and do some Hong Kong stuff. Yuen Woo-Ping [*Crouching Tiger*] is going to choreograph with me and he's even going to play a part in it.

When do you start shooting?

I have to wait for Uma to have her baby. By March, she'll be ready for training, which will work out perfect because that's right when Yuen Woo-Ping is going to be done making *The Matrix* [sequels]. If she didn't get pregnant, we wouldn't have been able to do it with Yuen Woo-Ping, and this movie is going to be so much better because of that. So, it's all going to work out great. We'll probably start around May or June.

And Warren Beatty?

He's going to be the Bill of the title that Uma's going to kill.

When was the last time you were in Asia?

I haven't been there in a long time. With *Kill Bill*, we're probably going to be there for eight or nine weeks altogether. Most of the stuff that we're going to do in Japan is on a soundstage, and they go, "Well, why would you want to go Japan?" and I say, "Because I want it to be like a Japanese movie, not a faux Japanese movie." The people who do the special effects won't be Americans who do horror movie effects, they'll be the people who do samurai movies so, when you cut someone's head off, the blood will shoot straight in the air. When you have a guy doing blood for an American movie, he'll bring the syrupy stuff that looks good on clothes but you put it on a Japanese movie sword and it looks like raspberry syrup. They have the blood that you put on steel and it jumps out. I want it to be real.

Do you think the rules of violence in movies will change because of September 11?

Personally, I don't. They're always discussing violence in movies and what happens? Terrorists bomb the World Trade Center and we're still discussing violence in movies. Now, do we actually think that movie violence has caused Osama Bin Laden to do what he's doing? I don't think so. My line has always been, and actually, it's not my line, it's Shakespeare's: there is unrest in the world, there is trouble, there is heartache, blame the play makers, it's all their fault, lay it all at their door.

Do you think you've taken a chance in taking your time with your next movie?

I don't look at it as taking a chance because I look at my whole career and it's not about giving me a "great" right now, it's about giving me a "great" towards the end of my career. Hopefully I won't have to apologise for my last 20 years because I will never quite become that professional director. I always want to stay a bit of an amateur.



black+white presents an interview by ROBIN LYNCH starring QUENTIN TARANTINO
the director of RESERVOIR DOGS PULP FICTION JACKIE BROWN and the forthcoming attraction KILL BILL



COLOUR BY BLACK+WHITE

A FIFTY NINE PRODUCTION

Raffety's Rules

Text Michael Nolan
Photography Gina Milicia
Makeup Maggie Koley



What black secrets lie in the heart of a soap star?
Ask Mark Raffety – the nasty *Neighbour* with a fondness
for the grim side of filmmaking.



ACTOR Mark Raffety has a fascination for the dark. "I really relish walking in the bush at night when it's really dark and you can just see the faint outlines or glimmers of things," he says, eyes wide with enthusiasm. "In my mind's eye I see emanations. It's kinda fun." He smiles. "I don't know about you, but my unconscious is not a big white room, it's kind of a dark place and things come out of it."

It's somehow fitting, then, that he plays Dr Darcy Tyler on *Neighbours*. 'Dirty Darcy', as he is known to the show's devotees, is the soap's dark side (in so far as a show can have a dark side when a plot summary reads: 'Harold and Drew realise something is up with Lou. Leo discovers breakdancing.') Darcy schemes and manoeuvres his way around Ramsay Street, a sinister presence at every barbeque.

"I'm slippery," Raffety says of his *nom de* *Neighbours*. "My character will say one thing, think another and maybe do a third thing. To play someone like that, to build subtext within the performance of the character, as well as within the storyline, it's fun. There's an edge to Darcy."

Raffety will talk your ear off about acting, but he keeps his personal life to himself. "I like mystery. I don't necessarily like to divulge much about myself because my job is to be someone else," he says, declining to reveal his age. "I'm relatively shy. You won't ever see me with my mum in *Women's Weekly*," he avers. Perhaps, but you can see him in *Black+White* stark naked.

Even stripped bare, the real Mark Raffety is somewhat elusive. By his own admission the shoot "was more like we were improvising a story, or characters, or moods. It was acting". Acting, it seems, comes naturally to him, in part due to his lack of firm roots. Born in Portsmouth, with a father in the navy, he and his family have travelled around the globe. "I have a fluid sense of self, if you like," he says, in an accent containing traces of his English background, "because I can imagine that I'm from a lot of places."

From his first work on tv commercials, he has always worked for money, even in theatre. "You've only got so much time and I just lucked out I guess, and managed to score jobs that paid," he says, also admitting that he didn't do any formal drama study, other than a few acting workshops. Appearances on *Xena* and *Hercules*, a French/Australian kids' show called *Deepwater Haven* and a Canadian/New Zealand production called *Gold* all helped him

to learn on the job. Working on Australia's most popular soap, with its consistent schedule, swift production and tight budgets, Raffety gets as much as training as he could want. "The pressure to channel through an awful lot of work is enormous. It's almost close to theatre. You have to be in the moment," he says. "You can't do a retake on stage and it's very hard to do a retake on *Neighbours*."

Away from the set, Raffety says he's "studying all the time. I'll maybe watch a film five or 10 times just to see what's going on. Or watch a scene 30 times and see how it's done, and get the script and pull it apart, read books about it and find out how they approach it. It's never-ending." Perhaps this is why his conversation is peppered with quotes garnered from celebrity biographies, like those of Frank Zappa or Steve Martin ("He said 'some people have a way with words and some people have not way'") and he's erudite on the artists he admires. He has opinions on David Lynch and on Francis Bacon, and opinions on Lynch's opinion on Bacon.

Lynch's films are a particular passion. "The acting, the story, the art direction, the sound: it's hermetic. Outside of the frame, you know there's a world existing there," he says, describing scenes with a vivid recall. "You look at something like *Blue Velvet*, I mean really. It's a masterwork in my opinion. You can peel that film away and there are jewels in there."

Raffety has directed three short films of his own to date, each reflecting a somewhat twisted perspective. *Salty*, concerning a butcher's suspicious method of, er, handling the meat, has been shown internationally, winning festival favourite at the Exground Festival in Hamburg. Naturally, he'd like to direct a feature. "It's a cliché: 'what I really want to do is direct'. Every actor says that! I think actors mean they want to produce. Because it's the people with the money that basically have the control."

Raffety names *Nil By Mouth* – a film directed by an actor (Gary Oldman) – as one containing a truly inspirational performance. "That performance by Ray Winstone was just about the best thing I've seen anyone do ever. You might be repelled by the characters he plays – 'cos he has played some repellent people – but you cannot help but be moved by these characters as well. I don't know why great work has to be wrapped up in angst but it just seems to be."

It all seems a world away from Ramsay Street, one can't help notice. Darkness, angst, Francis Bacon's 'controlled desperation': isn't humour important too? "Of course it is! It's not just dark, dark, dark, dark, dark," he says, concerned that he might be mistaken for a morose soul. "If it hasn't got a laugh, it's not worth looking at. I had a great laugh in *Nil By Mouth*, there was funny shit in there as well." Somehow, that's even more disturbing.

Clearly, Raffety's off-centre tastes are more a fascination than a reflection of a grim mind, and this comes out in his enthusiastic discussions about the likes of Lynch and Bacon. "It's the same universe that those two guys are plumbing and I guess what they're communicating is something that I, for some reason, dig. And I think that's a childlike thing: in darkness, there's mystery and in mystery there's imagination." What next? Dirty Darcy slapping on an oxygen mask and menacing the girls? Only the shadow knows...



**Mark
Raffety**

Everybody
needs
one



"The
pressure
[on *Neighbours*]
to channel
through
an awful
lot of work
is enormous
It's close
to
theatre
You have
to be in the
moment



Rabbit Shooter r

The toast of Asian cinema, Australian-born cinematographer Christopher Doyle returned home to film *Rabbit-Proof Fence*. Black+White gets a sneak preview of the art book that resulted.

"I'M THE BEST friend in the Chinese film industry." The mischievous voice of Christopher Doyle, the cinematographer and director of *Black and White*, rings in the ears of the audience as he sits in the front row of the cinema, the camera of Zhang Yimou's *Hero* (2002) in the background. The actor with a very short, curly black beard is in the middle of a scene, and the camera of Zhang Yimou's *Hero* (2002) in the background. The actor with a very short, curly black beard is in the middle of a scene, and the camera of Zhang Yimou's *Hero* (2002) in the background.

The Australian-born director of photography's most recent film has been director Wang Xiaohua's *The Great Wall* (2016).

Black and White (2016) is a book that has been published by the publisher of the book. The book is a collection of photographs and text. The book is a collection of photographs and text. The book is a collection of photographs and text.



he drapes his person with cameras – rather like Dennis Hopper's photojournalist in *Apocalypse Now* – and takes stills "as a response to what's happening in the movie". These pictures evolve into collages, which Doyle has exhibited and had published as books such as the recent *A Cloud In Trousers* (Smart Art Press). The images are often accompanied with splashes of paint and texts that are part commentary, part poetry. "Most cinematographers are inarticulate," he says. "As a kid I loved words, but everyone said that studying literature would ruin it for me and they were right. Then I walked, completely out of my head, into an Anthony Burgess lecture, and that was it – I rediscovered language."

Doyle's latest publication, *Stolen Not Lost*, brings together photographs taken during the filming of *Rabbit-Proof Fence*. The film is the powerful true story of three Stolen Generation girls and their escape across 2500 kilometres of Western Australian desert in 1931. Kenneth Branagh plays the controversial Chief Protector Of Aborigines, AO Neville, who believed the best solution to the indigenous dilemma was "to breed their Aboriginality out of them". Featuring remarkable performances from first-time child actors Evelyn Sampi, Tianna Sansbury and Laura Monaghan, *Rabbit-Proof Fence* is a triumphant return home for Phillip Noyce, who hasn't made a film here in 12 years. It's also Doyle's first local effort (he left Australia at the age of 18).

the distance to do this [story] justice," Doyle says in his new book. "I know little of Aboriginal people's loss of honour or even the history of White Australia for that matter. I certainly don't feel any more or less guilty about this historical aberration than I do about others I have witnessed in China or Israel or in the many other journeys of my own life. But we have to address things."

Noyce, the director of Hollywood blockbusters *Patriot Games* and *The Bone Collector*, first met Doyle in 1979 in Taiwan, when he employed the Mandarin-speaking expat as an interpreter. "Since then, he's been a sort of de facto brother," Noyce laughs. "He's lived in my house, slept in my bed, and I've found his dirty underpants in my closet." Noyce reveres Doyle's endearingly anarchic approach. "Chris likes to respond to the moment and he is in a whole different league in terms of nonchalance, which is exactly what we needed for *Rabbit-Proof Fence*: making do with what you've got."

Together, they settled on three film stocks for the movie. A slower, saturated Kodak emphasised the institutional stoniness of the scenes with Branagh. A faster saturated stock represented Jigalong, the Gibson Desert supply depot the girls are snatched from, and de-saturated Fuji stock was used for their arduous journey back across the salt flats. "We were looking for something that suggested the torment and cruelty, the isolation and expanse," says Doyle. "What we created is very different from traditional images of the outback."

Despite the oriental accent Doyle, 49, is Caucasian. "I'm Chinese with a skin disease," he laughs. Conceived (he says) on a moonless night on Bondi Beach, the teenage Doyle joined a Norwegian merchant ship for three years before wanderings in Europe and Asia. By the age of 25 he was in Hong Kong, where his Mandarin teacher named him Du Kefeng, meaning 'like the wind'. "He always had this dream that he wanted to live and be a cameraman in Asia," Noyce recalls. "But it seemed highly unlikely to me. I thought he'd disappear under a bar stool – he did so many times – or return to Australia."

Which he finally did, to photograph *Fence* and *The Quiet American*, which Noyce directed back-to-back. But home for Doyle remains Hong Kong. "There is something to be said for its cacophony of sweaty bodies and something about the scrum that invigorates you," he says. "Also, I'm better in bed in Chinese. Recently I was in a situation where I had to speak English in bed and I was like, 'oh God, oh yeah'. Embarrassing." Doyle cracks up, and so does the line.

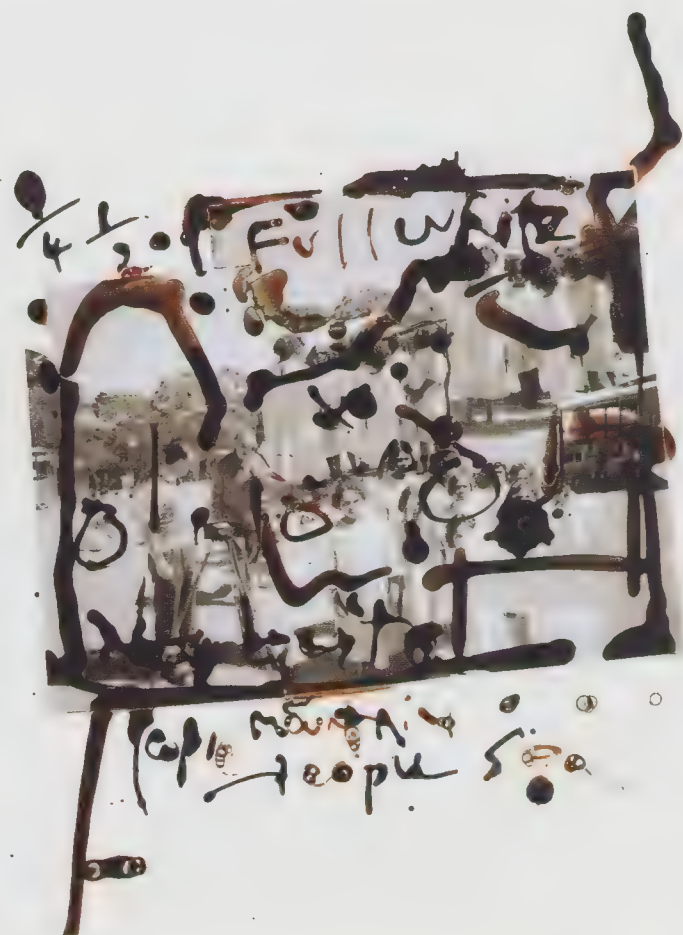
Rabbit-Proof Fence is released in Australia on February 21



These pages and previous spread: Art images from Christopher Doyle's book *Stolen Not Lost*, inspired by his work on the film *Rabbit-Proof Fence*. Left: Christopher Doyle on location.



“He always had this dream that he wanted to be a cameraman in Asia,” Phillip Noyce recalls. “I thought he’d disappear under a bar stool.”





12.5
12.5
12.5
12.5
Average 30°C
Winter

VBV01

Brisbane



Viva Bris Vegas

As the southern cities squabble, another quietly strides forward in the bid to be Australia's culture and lifestyle capital. Have you been back to **Brisbane** lately?

It's a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital. Brisbane is a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital. It's a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital. It's a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital.

And Brisbane's reputation for being a cultural capital is growing. It's a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital. It's a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital. It's a city with a reputation for being a cultural capital.

"Most of these organisations were in crappy accommodation," says Michael Smiley, director of the Institute Of Modern Art, showing me his spacious new premises on the ground floor of the centre. "In 25 years this is the first time the IMA's been in a building with hot water."

The Judith Wright Centre is not a one-off. The Brisbane Powerhouse, another industrial space converted into theatres, bars, and a restaurant, opened in New Farm in 2000. The Queensland College Of Art and the Conservatorium Of Music have moved into new homes within the former Expo precinct, adding to Southbank's plethora of theatres, concert halls and galleries. And an international competition is under way to design the Queensland Gallery Of Modern Art, with the winner to be announced in March.



"Culturally speaking, Brisbane could outstrip everywhere else," predicts Robert Heather, Executive Director of the Regional Galleries Association Of Queensland, "because the arts are dynamic and happening and things can be done. In southern cities everyone is basically holding each other down. Whereas you come to Queensland and say 'I want to do that' and no one will stop you. Ten years ago it was a big country town, five years ago it was changing; now it's on the cusp."

This mood of optimism seems to have spread to the Judy's neighbourhood, the former no-go area of the Valley. Once the home to a couple of nightclubs, the Valley now has at least seven. Where once Brunswick Street had a couple of sleepy pubs, now there's a swarm of buzzing bars. Ann Street, where the odd local fashion designer would open and just as quickly close a shop, has turned into a strip of 10 boutiques. Queensland-born writer Andrew McGahan notes some of these changes in his latest novel, *Last Drinks* (Allen & Unwin):

"The Valley had been something akin to a slum; now it seemed to be reborn and shining ... it was clear Brisbane had blossomed without me. It had become what a city should be."

BRISSIE. BrisVegas, the River City. My hometown. Maligned by visitors who come expecting beaches, which are actually an hour's drive away. Mistrusted as the racist cradle of One Nation (even though Ipswich is an hour west). Unforgotten for decades of corrupt policing and invidious government. Hot, sweaty, stoned, lethargic. The brown Brisbane River snaking through it all like a main circuit cable, plugged straight into... well, nothing much.

I left seven years ago. Having tasted the ready pleasures of Sydney, Melbourne, London and New York, Brisbane seemed pathetically small and dimly slow. And I resented Brisbane for having masqueraded as a big city all through my youth. When you lived there, it expanded to fill your entire world. When you left, it contracted into nothing.

But when you come back to a city dramatically changed in its physical appearance, for a week filled with festivals, launches and parties, you have to stop for a slight rethink. When and how did Brisbane get cool? And how did I forget what was great about it in the first place?

Living in Brisbane you constantly get told how some big event - the 1982 Commonwealth Games, World Expo '88 - will put the city 'on the map'. In 2001, it was the Goodwill Games and CHOGM. Well, I missed the games, and CHOGM got cancelled. But even without Beattie's 'Smart State' and 'Culture Capital' rhetoric it's obvious that things really have moved along.

Recognition for Brisbane-nurtured artists, designers and musicians is at an all-time high. Who blitzed the last Mercedes Australian Fashion Week? Easton Pearson. Who walked off with the most ARIAs? Powderfinger. Who sold 20 million records before calling it a day? Savage Garden. Hottest Australian artist in the world? Tracey Moffatt. Acclaimed architects? Donovan Hill. The city is even stealing some of Sydney's Hollywood thunder, with both *Scooby-Doo* and *Inspector Gadget II* filmed here (okay, hardly 'culture capital' material, but you get the idea).

Young design collective Rinzen has clients in Germany, the UK and the USA. They've even published a book, *RMV* (Die Gestalten), which tosses hot-potato graphic ideas to designers around the globe to re-mix and reinvent. "Brisbane is the only place we could have started like this, because it's so cheap," admits Rinzen's Rilla Alexander. "Also, when you do something in isolation you're able to concentrate, then take it out to the world, rather than have people watch you while you create."

Rinzen's ultracool work appears in *The Face*, but it's also appearing on government-commissioned billboards promoting Fortitude Valley itself - just one example of how the city is lifting the bar a little higher these days.

When did Brisbane get cool?



Architects: *Merthyr Road*, *Brunswick Street*, *McLachlan Street*
 Photographs: *Merthyr Road*, *Brunswick Street*, *McLachlan Street*
 Illustrations: *Merthyr Road*, *Brunswick Street*, *McLachlan Street*
 Text: *Merthyr Road*, *Brunswick Street*, *McLachlan Street*
 Design: *Merthyr Road*, *Brunswick Street*, *McLachlan Street*
 Production: *Merthyr Road*, *Brunswick Street*, *McLachlan Street*

They've fixed up the Queen Street Mall, laying granite paving, erecting shady things of steel, wood and glass from George Street down to Edward. Trees planted a decade ago have grown up, and vacant city blocks have been turfed and turned into temporary parks. The city has woken up to the beauty and utility of its river. You can catch a City Cat that will tear from Riverside out to the university; bankside sculptures wave at you as you pass the soaring Kangaroo Point cliffs.

The ludicrous, long-standing ban on outdoor dining was one of the first things reversed by Lord Mayor Jim Soorley when he came to power in 1991, but it's taken a while to catch on. Now over 200 premises are licensed to serve food and alcohol out on the street. Which means the CBD is no longer a ghost town at the end of the working day. People are staying, drinking a bottle of wine, dining, talking, and generally having a life.

Some are even giving up the big backyard – that God-given right of every Queenslander – and moving into town. Warehouses have been converted into apartment blocks, and several new high-rises have appeared. Granted, some are astonishingly ugly (if you're visiting, stay at the Marriott – that way you're spared the sight of its monstrous domed roof). On the other hand, Marc Newson's coming-soon Llama apartments in George Street, with their retro-futurist styling and glass-walled pool, will be a jewel in the crown of the new live-in city.

As if to confirm that 'lifestyle' has arrived in Brisvegas, the next evening I'm at the official opening of the new four-storey showroom for Space Furniture, purveyors of upmarket *mobilier* to Sydney, Melbourne and Singapore. Is there a demand in Brisbane for Eameses, Starcks and \$13,000 couches? Apparently so. "We had 1000 people through the store on the first weekend," affirms publicist Heidi Dokulil, as oysters are shucked and bemused guests settle their bums on peculiar blobs from Italy. "Brisbane is a growing property market and we're working with developers to match contemporary architecture with contemporary furniture."



1. The Judith Wright Centre Of Contemporary Arts, Fortitude Valley.
2. *Watermark* sculpture by Richard Tipping at the Brisbane Powerhouse, New Farm.
3. Billboards by Rilla Alexander inspired by the history of Fortitude Valley.
4. Centenary Pool, Spring Hill.
5. Breaka Beach, Southbank.



● **Village Twin, New Farm**
That '70s purple carpet! That egg-carton ceiling moulding! The Village Twin Cinemas ought to be heritage listed.

● **Stefan's Sky Needle** The Expo phallus in South Brisbane was bought up by a millionaire hairdresser and remains an enduring testament to tall pointy things.

● **Breaka Beach** Southbank's sandy, artificial beach is blatantly touristy – but that doesn't stop anyone from stripping off and jumping in when the mercury hits 34°.

● **Centenary Pool** Spring Hill's modernist 1959 treasure has panoramic city views. You can actually watch the sun set while you're swimming laps.

● **Merthyr Bowls Club, New Farm** Grab a cheap beer, watch the old folks bowl and the river drift by. This little bar is the worst-kept secret in town.

● **Savoir Faire Eiffel Tower, Milton** A hilarious mini-monument erected to bring sophistication to Park Road's cafes. It's sooooo continental.





Space is in James Street, a part of the Valley that has become trendy for no apparent reason. Five years ago there was nothing here. Today you can browse the Bang & Olufsen store, lunch at Harveys bistro, catch a movie at the Palace Centro, purchase a politically incendiary Gordon Bennett painting from Bellas Gallery, then drink cocktails in the outdoor elegance of Luxe bar.

Obviously this is not the town that Andrew McGahan wrote about in his 1992 novel *Praise*. "It's changed beyond belief," says McGahan, puffing on a ciggie after a session at the Brisbane Writers' Festival at Southbank. "It used to be a very shut-down city that ignored its beautiful location. The focus is now on the good things about Brisbane." If he were writing *Praise* today, how would it differ? "It wouldn't be set in New Farm. They don't have boarding houses anymore. Also, the drugs that were popular then were different."

Praise was a double-edged sword for Brisbane. On the one hand it revealed that the city could produce intellectual trendsetters. On the other, it perpetuated the notion that it was a seedy, dreary place where there's nothing to do but get wasted and fuck. Which was never the case. To find the real life of the city, you had to ignore the picket-fenced, chambray-shirted surface and seek out the cool people. And the best place to start was at a festival.

"I've always found Brisbane funkier," says Grant McLennan. "There's a lot more freedom here, I think, to be as much of a freak as you want to."

THE ABC's history of Oz rock, *Long Way To The Top*, implied that the trend of alternative rock festivals of the '90s was started by the Big Day Out in 1992. In fact, Brisbane's Livid Festival had already been going for four years.

As Died Pretty took to the stage at Livid 1989, it was announced that Labor had won the State election and the 30-year National Party era (embodied by peanut-farmer potentate Joh Bjelke-Petersen) was finally over. That night there were as many people clustered around the provided tv sets as around the stage. Livid was the sound of Brisbane breaking free. Livid was the first reason young southerners ever had for venturing north of Surfers Paradise, and it's remained the best gauge for where Brisbane's at – musically, politically, socially.

But, for reasons beyond our control, things are a little different this time. Attendance at the RNA Showgrounds is down to 23,000, a major drop from 2000's all-time high of 40,000. The collapse of Ansett is to blame, along with the cancellation of several international acts. The mood, if not sombre, is low-key. "There's a lot of fucked-up shit going on in the world right now," announces the singer of San Diego rockers Lucky 7, under the Triple J Bigtop. "Planes flying into buildings," he adds, in case we're wondering what he means.

With half the expected numbers in attendance the police patrols are especially noticeable as they trawl for underage drinkers. This is a disquieting flashback to the police state the Parameters sang about on their classic '80s track "Pig City", a high-rotation favourite on bolshie alternative radio station 4ZZZ.

Local heroes Regurgitator hit the main stage. They pop, they rap, they roar; they're Brisbane's showbiz troupers, the boys to entertain you. But their irony is hard to swallow so soon after September 11. People want something with a bit of emotion. But Powderfinger aren't playing this year.

If it's emotion you want from a Brisbane band, the smart money is on George. I've heard a lot about this quintet, with its opera-trained brother-sister act often compared to Jeff Buckley and Kate Bush. They arrive on the intimate, leafy Zoo Stage in the cool of the evening and, sure enough, when Katie Noonan hits the high notes in "Special Ones", a welcome lump jumps into my throat.

Then there's the steamy dungeon of the Annex Stage, where big beat maestros Soma Rasa, followed by hip-hop mixmasters 2 Dogs (from the Resin Dogs), offer a one-two punch of superlative Brisbane beats. Music always was this town's strong suit, but it's a far more diverse crop that thrives nowadays, not just the grungemeisters.

Brisbane's father figure of pop, Grant McLennan of the Go-Betweens, concurs. The Go-Be's headlined the very first Livid, but this year McLennan's just hanging out in the crowd. "In the last five or six years since I've been back the amount of new things going on here is amazing, especially music wise," he says. "I don't think there's anybody as good in Australia, band for band. Brisbane would win on the rock one, the art one, the dance one."

So what is it about Brisbane, Grant? "I don't know, I guess I've always found Brisbane funkier. There's a lot more freedom here, I think, to be as much of a freak as you want to without too much big-city kind of peer group stuff."

'Freak' is not a pejorative in Brisbane. Because the alternative (suburban mediocrity) is unthinkable. Goths, punks, ferals, mods – subcultures thrive in the warm, moist Petri dish of southeast Queensland. It's still common in high summer to encounter a goth in full makeup and Morticia robes.

WEST END, just over the river from the university and a 15-minute walk from the CBD, is freak central – the traditional student quarter and the heartland of Brisbane activism. Rents are still cheap, but they're rising steadily, and gentrification has taken hold. This is not a good thing. Some of the new, quasi-Tuscan buildings here would be considered in poor taste at Disney World. Subway, Häagen-Dazs and their ilk have moved in too, threatening to suffocate the area's corrugated-iron charm.

But the Vietnamese restaurants – arguably the best and cheapest in Australia – are still here, along with the venerable Three Monkeys Coffee And Teahouse, that dark, converted garage where you can drink flat whites and play mah-jong away from the heat of the afternoon. And on a day like today, the annual Boundary Street Festival, the carnival of humanity is rich and varied.



1



2



Aboriginal tribes lived in the Brisbane and Moreton Bay regions for up to 40,000 years before European settlement.

Many of Brisbane's place names draw on the original Aboriginal names such as Toowong, Indooroopilly and Mt Coot-tha.

Brisbane's population rose from 829 in 1846 to almost 6,000 by the time Queensland became a self-governing colony in 1859.



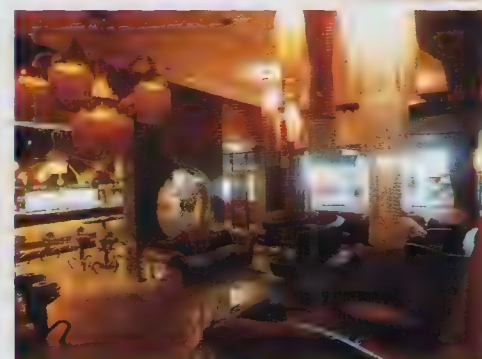
Anti-nuclear protesters enact *Toxic Waste Dump: The Musical*. Socialists tend stalls alongside Christians and alien-worshippers. Young lesbian couples in dungarees embrace, and a drag queen sips Fourex through a straw. Artists have made a swarm of giant mosquitoes from electrical wiring. A naff folk singer warbles on one stage while a great undiscovered band plays on another. A man with a cigarette lighter through his pierced ear twirls batons, as the Boundary Street Hotel's hoary regulars look on, not sure whether to be indignant or pleased.

This is the side of Brisbane culture that continues to thrive without government approval: grass roots, self-mocking, concerned neither with trends nor how the wider world perceives it. The same sense of isolation that bred the devil-may-care excesses of the Joh regime breeds a kind of uniqueness. How that uniqueness can be harnessed as Brisbane embraces big-city sophistication will be a chemical reaction worth watching.

At sundown, the Theredin Sound System Experience start up. Their bass player is a funk virtuoso, and soon Vulture Street is a mass of bodies shaking their piercings. A wave of subtropical warmth and goodwill washes over me. International crises seem a long way away, yet everything that makes life fun seems within reach. Cultural desert? Nah. More like the arts end of the world.



4



5

West End Boys and Valley Girls

Seeking a night out in the River City away from the Irish pubs and beer barns? Check out the best bets in BrisVegas:

- ❶ With design somewhere between a Turkish brothel and the engine room of the *Titanic*, **The Press Club** (339 Brunswick Street) is ideal for cocktails while admiring the propeller blades of its signature giant fan. A big night in the Valley invariably begins or ends here.
- ❷ Downstairs in the awesomely beautiful thing that is the Brisbane Powerhouse, New Farm, is boutique bar and restaurant **Watt**. Have a Margarita, go upstairs and catch a play, then come back down for the city's hippest dining experience. It's perfection by the river.
- ❸ Hold the presses. There's a Melbourne-style, hole-in-the-wall wine bar in Brisbane (yes, Brisbane). It's called **Anise** (697 Brunswick Street). The toilet has laundered linen hand towels and the only kind of beer they serve is an obscure New Zealand stout. In a word: staggering.
- ❹ Another jaw-dropping addition to Brisbane nightlife is **Family**, McLachlan Street's answer to Studio 54. This is the one that has the spectacular fit-out, the infamous dancing robot in a two-storey cage, and light fittings like dead daleks. The beats are hit and miss but at two in the morning the place is as packed with skinny blondes in designer gear as any Sydney superclub. If that's what turns you on.
- ❺ Keeping the Brunswick Street Mall safe from boredom, **Ric's**, **Fatboys** and **Trout** are the holy trinity in Brisbane's outdoor bar culture. Eat, drink and get merry to homegrown greats like Dave McCormack performing on Ric's tiny stage.
- ❻ Proving the Valley doesn't have all the fun, the **Lychee Lounge** (92 Boundary Street) is as upmarket-funky as West End gets. The place goes off with top djs six nights a week.
- ❼ The **Star Coffee Company** (168 Grey Street) across the road from the IMAX Theatre represents Southbank's bid to cross over from tourist trap to lifestyle suburb. Comfy couches and fully retractable walls make it a model of subtropical minimalism; there's also a gallery attached.



1. Qan Heng's Restaurant, West End.
2. Punter at Livid, October 2001.
3. Brisbane backyard.
4. Space Furniture, James Street.
5. The Press Club, Brunswick Street.

Bec's Appeal You know her as *X-Men's* blue-painted hellcat. But with a flair for comedy, action and glamour, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos – starring in the upcoming *Rollerball* – is a woman of many colours.

IF AT FIRST you don't recognise Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, that's okay. With her curling blonde tresses, kissable lips and just-perfect body, she has that certain – how can we put this – *generic* look of the American beauty queen. But if it helps, try imagining her covered head to toe in blue makeup. That's right – she's the shape-shifting, tongue-flicking, arse-kicking mutant Mystique from 2000's smart superhero flick, *X-Men*.

The ability and willingness to mutate is what gives this 29-year-old, five-foot-10 Californian her edge. Her modelling pedigree may feature *Sports Illustrated*, Christian Dior, Tommy Hilfiger and Victoria's Secret, but Romijn-Stamos the actor is not just putting her hand up for the glamour roles. Quite the opposite. For *X-Men* she spent a horrific 10 hours a day in makeup, and in *Rollerball*

she wears a disfiguring scar. A remake of the 1975 James Caan movie, *Rollerball* sees Romijn-Stamos get into the ring with Chris Klein and LL Cool J to play an ultra-violent futuristic sport featuring rollerblades and motorcycles. I'd like to see Cindy Crawford do that.

But action is not her only forte. On sitcom *Just Shoot Me* she had a hilarious recurring role as David Spade's model wife Adrienne, whom Spade's dweeby character Finch kept devoted to him by manipulating her insecurity. And in interview, Romijn-Stamos is just as willing to satirise and explore the psychology of the top model, talking articulately about the one thing everyone always wants to know: what's it really like being so beautiful?





» **BLACK+WHITE** *Rollerball* director John McTiernan has said that your beauty stupefied him, that he had to disguise it in order to develop your character. What did he do?

REBECCA ROMIJN-STAMOS Aurora is supposed to be this deeply troubled Eastern European. He gave me an accent and asked for this bondage-like leather wardrobe, including that black china-doll wig. Then he had the makeup people hollow out my cheekbones and apply a thin scar that runs from my forehead, through my eye and down my cheekbone.

And did that make a difference?

He told me, "I have a confession to make. I find it much easier to talk to you when you have that scar on your face. You're one of the world's winners, and it was difficult for me to talk to you – overwhelming."

Do you think McTiernan's reaction to you was unusual?

I've discussed this with other models – whether you have to overcompensate with your personality to make people feel okay around you. I feel like I still do it all the time – make myself really human, really goofy, really humble, just to make people comfortable.

Were you always this beautiful?

Nobody is perfect, myself included. My nose is crooked. My face breaks out. And, in high school, I was called the Jolly Blonde Giant. That summed me up perfectly.

Are you naturally jolly?

No, it's just that, my whole life, people have been relying on me to be the shiny Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Do you know how difficult, how offensive it is when people say, "Smile, it's not that bad"? It's irritating to always have to be up – to basically be set dressing for the world.

Where did you go to high school?

Berkeley High School, California. And then I went to the University Of California in Santa Cruz.

Tell me about your family.

My family is Dutch-American. My mother was a minister's daughter and she teaches English as a second language. My father is a furniture maker. I have a younger sister. My parents divorced when I was seven but they're still close, even neighbours.

How did your mother feel about your becoming a model?

She told me that she wished she'd done it when she was young. She felt like she'd wasted her beauty. But I never really wanted to be a model in the first place. When I was in college, I was working with abused children. But then the opportunity came up to move to Paris for the summer and make some money, which I needed desperately, and so I went, only intending to stay for the summer. I ended up getting great jobs and staying for three years.

Why did you decide to get into acting?

I had gotten to the point where I was modelling just for the money. Modelling got really unstimulating. Plus, people knew me from the way I looked in print and I realised it was important to show them that this is not really me. I mean, how can somebody take me seriously in a lacy bra and underpants?

So, then, for you, acting is taking far more of a risk?

Acting is way scarier! You're putting yourself out there, showing your personality, and you're basically putting your balls on the table. Either they're going to be massaged or they're going to be slammed.

On *Friends* you played an outrageous slob. On *Just Shoot Me*, you played an insecure supermodel, and in *Dirty Work*, you played a bearded lady. Why the quirky parts?

I wanted to show people that I don't take that perfect image of beauty seriously – that I can make fun of it. I love getting laughs. I just love the instant gratification.

Then in *X-Men* you were covered with blue paint.

Oh, don't even remind me. The painting was tortuous, 10 hours to apply and remove each day. I left a blue trail wherever I went. My last night, I did a celebratory shot of tequila with the people from special effects and that, combined with the paint I'd been breathing all day, made me sick. I vomited blue!

You didn't have much dialogue...

Think about it, though: I was paid more per word than anyone else!

You worked with Al Pacino in the upcoming *Simone* [about a film producer who replaces his temperamental leading lady with a computer simulation].

Yes, and it was so embarrassing. I had this terrible cold and, unexpectedly, a drip fell out of my nose and onto his face, missing his eye by a millimetre. I was absolutely mortified. I was shouting for Kleenex.

What did he do?

He was very sweet about it. He said something like [Michael Corleone voice], "Don't be silly. I loved it."

Brian DePalma's erotic thrillers like *Dressed To Kill* and *Body Double* really set sexism to celluloid. So what kind of part do you play in DePalma's new *Femme Fatale*?

I'm a raving bitch, actually! It's set mostly in 2008, in France, and my part is that of the wife of the United States ambassador who is trying to avoid any publicity since she has a shady con-woman past. But this photographer – that's Antonio Banderas – is stalking her. It's a real homage to Alfred Hitchcock.

There's a striptease in it, right?

It was the scariest thing I've ever done. Practice and a couple of shots of tequila got me through it.

Here's a curly one: have you ever had a sex dream about a celebrity?

My first sex dream was about Steve Martin. It was right after I saw *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* and I was really smitten with him. Then once I had one about Liv Tyler. It wasn't a sex dream, but we were like, really in love, living together in San Francisco. Then, one morning, she was gone, and I was devastated. And I've never even met Liv Tyler.

Where did you meet your husband, actor John Stamos?

Backstage at a fashion show in 1994. I was engaged to a model named Eric and John said something like, "Why are you with this guy?" Then we kept bumping into each other at different events. We started talking on the phone for hours. He was in LA, playing Uncle Jesse on *Full House*, and I was in New York. Then we began dating and fell in love.

Since you were raised in Berkeley, which is such a laid-back place, did you smoke marijuana with your parents?

The first time I smoked pot was with friends of my parents. I think I was like 10 or something, but that sort of thing was totally common in Berkeley back then. And I really didn't like it. I've never been a pothead. It's funny, but my parents were anti-establishment, so I had nothing to rebel against. Berkeley was a great town to grow up in. There's a great intellectual environment, mixed with all the craziness from the '60s.

Did you have a healthy upbringing?

My mother made granola and yoghurt at home. We had protein shakes and she sprinkled wheat germ on everything. No sugar. I was so ravenous for sugar that when I went off to college, the first thing I did was buy myself a box of Froot Loops.

If you could have played any role in any movie ever made, what would it be?

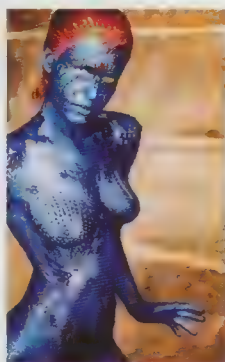
Sandy in *Grease*. Hands down.

Do you wear bikinis when you're not posing for swimsuit photographs?

Yes, I like them – and I like to mismatch them, like wearing a floral top with a striped bottom.

One last question. What do you like best about your body?

It operates well.



Dressed to kill: Romijn-Stamos in *Rollerball* (far left) and *X-Men*.

"Acting
is way
scarier
than
modelling.
You're
basically
putting
your balls
on the
table.
Either
they're
going
to
be
massaged
or they're
going
to be
slammed."



Chiun Kai-Shih

Text Clare Barker

Come in, undress. What's your star sign?
Chiun Kai-Shih's liberated shoot bends and breaks the rules of attraction.

CHIUN KAI-SHIH hates being told what to do. Frustrated with the creative censorship inherent in much fashion editorial work, the New-York based photographer and art director is currently on a taboo-breaking bender.

His powerful photographs of half-dressed models have an erotic edge. In these images, the eye is drawn primarily to the lines of the body and only later to the fashion. "I remember, during the set, some of the boys got erections and a few of the girls were just tingling about," he enthuses. Kai-Shih enjoys the unconventional. This, after all, is the man who casts models according to their star signs. In this work, he favoured those born under Libra and Taurus. "These signs really open up their sexuality and trust," he says.

Kai-Shih's lens is the tolerated voyeur at the bacchanal. He sees desire between strangers everywhere – in the middle of a busy street, at a train station, in a bookstore – and it is this illicit thrill that he captures here.

"I wanted to tap into that," he says. "It's genuine, real and truthful and I don't think we should censor it. In the end, I put everybody in a big orgy format because I think it all melts into one."

These images were shot in the East Village apartment of one-time Andy Warhol cohort, Lee Black Childers. "I think this is the last apartment that represents that decade when everybody was having free love," says Kai-Shih. Elvis Presley adorns the wall while porn magazines cover the coffee table. And in the kitchen, the triumphant squalor is lit with a string of glitzy fairy lights. For Kai-Shih, this location mirrors the loose, cinematic style of his photography, with a nod towards the hedonism of Warhol's heyday. But what of the fashion?

"Clothing is the biggest condom in my photo shoot!" he exclaims, suddenly taken with the idea of fashion as protection. "Something used to try to hide. But the body, the heat of passion and desire, cannot be blocked by clothes. Their energy! The whole room was like a big fireball."



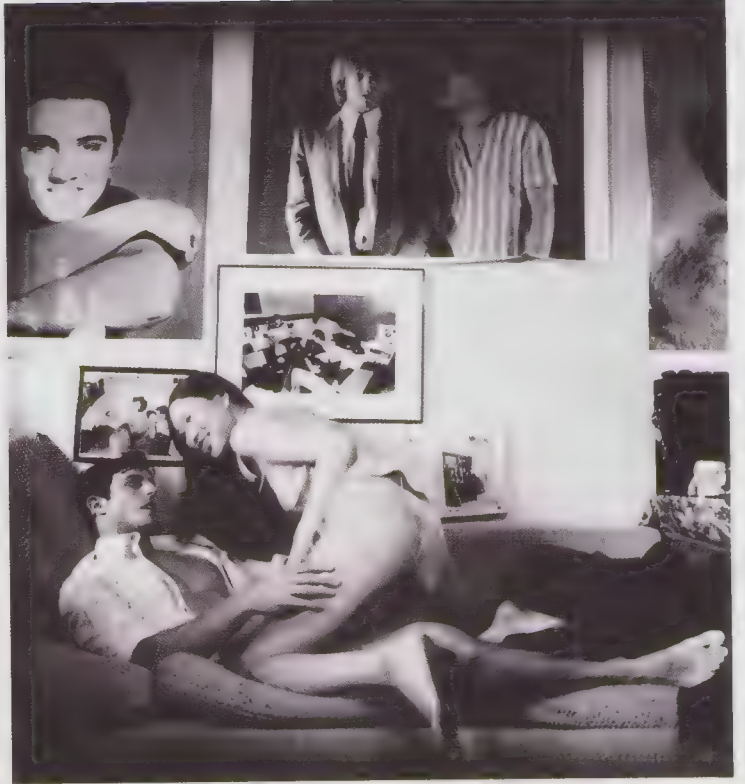




ChiunKai Shih







Erin's Island

Photography Bryan Adams
Styling BA
Hair and makeup Christian McCulloch

**Elongated,
androgynous
and out
of bounds,
super(freak)
model
Erin O'Connor
throws
Mark McInnes
a fleeting
glance.**

"ERIN IS... *elusive*," says the woman at the bar, whom I've just met and who, in one of those strange coincidences that characterise London life, happens to work for the PR company that handles Models One. The PR behind the name behind the face: Erin O'Connor.

It's an apt description. I've spent a week trying to track her down but our paths are fated not to cross. She's in Paris. She's in London. She's incommunicado. In the end, O'Connor proves too elusive, and we conduct the (brief) interview via telephone.

It's a cliché about models, the indefinable 'something' that makes them special. And sometimes it's rubbish. That something can easily be defined: they are very, very pretty. But as *The New York Times* stated, O'Connor has "a complex and unconventional beauty". Towering, elegant, and what the French call *jolie laide* – a phrase for which we have no equivalent, although the words mean 'ugly-beautiful' – she embodies a spare classicism rare in a world of pouting blonde dolls.

"She is a gift for an artist with her attenuated proportions and lines that are calligraphic in their simplicity," says illustrator David Downton, who exhibited a series of drawings of O'Connor at

London's Westbourne Hotel last September. "Is it that she looks like a drawing? Or that she is how a fashion drawing should look?"

Another cliché states that all models were ugly ducklings as teens. O'Connor was no exception. She grew up in the Midlands, the daughter of an Irish furnace builder, and says that she was "spotty, bowlegged, and a bit of a swot". By the time she was discovered at the Clothes Show Live in Birmingham in 1995, she was "a tall, gangly girl with hunched shoulders and braces". According to her agent, when the scout approached her and suggested a career in modelling, she nearly hyperventilated.

At first the going was tough. Her look was unconventional and she wasn't sure that modelling could be her *métier*. "It makes me laugh now," O'Connor says. "I couldn't get my head around it. Rejections were difficult to take." Bookers didn't "get" her, and it took some pushing before her uniqueness was appreciated, and then celebrated.

London Fashion Week, 1996, was the launch pad for what is now a global career; spreads in *Harper's Bazaar* (photographed by David Sims) and Italian *Vogue* (a 50-page extravaganza by Steven Meisel)

provided the rocket thrust. O'Connor went on to score campaigns for Donna Karan, Givenchy, Dolce & Gabbana, Chanel and Armani. She is the face of Jean Paul Gaultier perfume, and appeared last year in a variety of hats on a series of postage stamps in celebration of the Royal Ascot races – an unprecedented honour for a commoner in the UK.

In a new episode of *Absolutely Fabulous*, O'Connor makes a guest appearance as herself. Forget the stamps: this is fashion's highest accolade. She claims she was astonished to be asked, but her modesty is misplaced. She now has the kind of iconic status that *Ab Fab* embraces. "*Ab Fab* gave us the right to camp it up to the max, without feeling ashamed of the industry," she says. Surely there is a paradox in a show that satirises a culture off which it feeds so gleefully? "Jennifer [Saunders] and Joanna [Lumley] love fashion; Jennifer goes to all the shows. They did the show *for* the industry; everyone in fashion relates to it."















Actress Makiko Esumi embodies spirits of earth, air and water in an erotic fantasy by Hiroshi Nonami.

HIROSHI Nonami was born into a family of rice merchants in 1950s Japan, in the days when Fuji still meant mountain. Life in the temple town of Matsue was a quiet affair, free from the snap-happy hordes of camcording tourists that are the mark of modern Japan.

Nonami relinquished his ordained place behind the counter of the shop owned by his parents and grandparents before them, and fled to the city, where he enrolled in the Osaka Photography Academy, unaware that he was a forerunner to a national obsession.

"I wanted to become a painter, until I was 18. Then I realised that taking a photograph is a better way to capture the impression of the moment."

Graduating at the age of 20, Nonami's first job was shooting fashion for a department store advertising brochure. He then worked for an advertising company for five years before founding Studio No-ah.

"I used to take a lot of street photographs when I was studying. The word 'photography' actually means 'copy reality' in Japanese. But later I realised that some images can become reality only after photographing them."

Today, Nonami's oeuvre comprises four published collections – *Abyss* (ÉT Insolite), *Eureka*, *Chaos* (Treville) and *E-Mode* (Little More), as well as a number of one-man exhibitions in Japan, Europe and the US. His ethereal and erotic portraits – many created in collaboration with his stylist and makeup artist wife Yurika Uchida – have featured in magazines in the US, Germany, England and Australia.

The models are wrapped, draped or bound rather than dressed and often fitted with elaborate headgear. Every finished print is a montage of images shot with colour and black and white film, then layered to create a muted, watercolour effect. Hand-created veils – crunchy, bubbly, cracked or crystalline – provide added texture.

"Crystal is made by processing acrylic, glass, or silicon; bubbles made with water or glue. I take the photos of them separately, then lay them on top. I don't like realistic colour very much, so I try to make them in between colour and black and white."

The works seen here, all from *E-Mode* (1999), spotlight Japanese actress Makiko Esumi. "Her image is that of a very strong woman. I wanted to show her other aspects – the mystical and organic [ones]."

"In the beginning I focused on making my own work look as beautiful as possible. Now I want my photographs to reflect not only the beauty of the world, but also the ugliness, the strength, the weakness, the angels and even the devils."



















John Casado's poignant and sculptural studies declare a deeper ambition than mere sensuality.

"THIS is not about the obvious," says John Casado as he lowers the blinds. "This is not about sex ... This is about unleashing visions of the subconscious mind." In the darkened hotel room, he thrusts a fistful of slides into a shaft of late afternoon light.

San Francisco-based Casado is in Sydney on business. Next week it'll be Rome. With international work in editorial, fashion and advertising for clients such as Levi's and IBM, Casado is every bit the It photographer. he's been doing it for 15 years, following a top-level career in design and marketing. "I spent a lot of time with all the famous photographers. After 20 plus years, something rubs off."

But there is work and there is art. Wrecked by an "exhausting and emotionally unsettling" early stab at painting, Casado put down his brushes in 1984. Still, the urge to express himself artistically remained. "Later, when I had begun my [professional] photographic career – I thought, 'Why not try using cameras instead of paint?'"

"I didn't realise how much I had to learn. Like any artist, when you can capture what you have in your head – then you're truly taking photographs. Up until then, they're just snapshots."

Casado's male and female nudes writhe with serpentine energy and yet are curiously still, almost monumental, as if carved from living stone. The etched effect is the result of years of experimentation, using a discontinued line of high cadmium-content paper, in combination with ageing litho developer.

The imminent exhaustion of Casado's stockpile of the paper will herald an end to the technique he has spent the past five years perfecting and which he describes as "like finding a great woman. You're committed, it feels good – there's no need to look elsewhere."

Stirred by the paintings of Francis Bacon and the "beautiful abstractions" of African art – "their transformation of the individual into symbol" – Casado captures athletic figures who are always faceless, and often masked, in a deliberate step away from erotic intimacy.

"It's easy to be provocative sexually, but I'm looking for deeper emotional response. Our culture has created a media world filled with naked people. There is no need to imagine anything anymore. I want to shock people by what they feel, not by what they see."















Manfred Wirtz

Text Eliza Compton

Manfred Wirtz uncovers a forgotten corner of Romania whose rural way of life has remained sheltered from a century of wars, dictatorships and modernisation.

THE FARMHOUSE he lodges at has no running water, and not all the neighbouring farms have electricity. But when Manfred Wirtz visits this tiny village in Romania's Carpathian Mountains, he becomes part of village life – boiling creek water for a bath, attending the burials and christenings that mark the slow passage of time here. And wherever he goes, he takes his camera.

Wirtz, an Amsterdam-based reportage specialist, has made the flight to Bucharest and taken the 12-hour night-train ride to the Iza Valley nine times since 1995. He has shot hundreds of photos. He has made friends. And he hopes his energy and passion will soon result in a book, tentatively titled *Rustic Romania*. Earlier photos have already been published in *Marie Claire* (Germany), *Elle* (Sweden) and *Foto* (Netherlands). But Wirtz worries that fast-paced Westerners will have trouble tuning in to this time-frozen world. "There, the atmosphere of the past is within the present," he explains. "That makes me go time and again. It is very special when you come from a Western country and you see things quite [differently]. People are very traditional, very religious."

The Iza Valley is a mountainous area, with its tallest peak reaching 2200 metres, and its inhabitants eke out a humble existence on the land. "Some people have only one or two cows, some geese, some chickens, and that's it," he says when asked if the obvious beauty of the landscape is what draws him back. "But I must say, in comparison with other Eastern European countries, the people in this area are very happy. They have very [little] but they have much hospitality."

Until a year ago, Wirtz communicated with his host by mail as there was no phone at the house. But he persisted with his project because, having documented other Eastern block countries since the late '80s, he found Romania something of a frontier. "For a photographer in the time of the communist system, it was very difficult. People looked at you as a spy."

Wirtz was born in Aachen in western Germany in 1940. His previous career as an art director for advertising agencies in Brussels and Amsterdam shows in the artful composition of his photographs. You can also see the close relationship he has with his subjects. With each six-week trip – spread over winters, summers, springs – he teases out more detail. He can talk about funeral rites, or explain how to swaddle a newborn. "Every time you go, you get another impression," he says. But he remains the observer. "People make their shoes and their clothes themselves, but sometimes you have very funny combinations. They make, for instance, a woollen jacket and sometimes somebody is wearing under it a T-shirt with 'I ♥ New York'."















Bryan Adams

Text Felicity Loughrey

In a case of classic rock meeting classical imagery, photographer and musician **Bryan Adams** reconstructs moments from a half millennium of art history.

PICTURE two scenes. One, a sold-out stadium rocking to a rip-roaring set of AM radio anthems; the other, a sedate museum full of ancient paintings depicting silk-covered boudoirs, period costume and alabaster thighs. It's hard to imagine the two worlds have anything in common, but they do: Canadian rocker-slash-photographer Bryan Adams.

This is the third series of Adams' work to appear in Black+White (see #54 and the Erin O'Connor shoot in this issue). He has also shot fashion for *Elle*, *Marie Claire*, *Vogue*, *GQ* and *Blue* as well as having two books published, *Made In Canada* and *Haven*.

The 42 year old is hyperactive in his output, channelling some of the energy that takes him on tour for 250 days at a time into his latest Leica-led passion. He writes via e-mail from London of art projects he has underway: "I am doing a story on genetically modified people and I just finished another on body painting, or should I say, body illusion."

The series reproduced here began when Adams was working with a stylist who suggested a period set-up. Together they dug out some art books and decided on a shoot directly referencing paintings from the Renaissance through to 19th century Neoclassicism.

"Jean August Ingres' *La Grande Odalisque* inspired the photo of the model lying on a bed of luscious fabrics, and Cornelis Van Haarlem's *Bathsheba* inspired the one of three ladies together," Adams says. "The one with three subjects, one of whom is holding an ingot – it was actually an old broom pole – that's from Titian's *Venus And Adonis*. Vermeer and Rogier Van Der Weyden were the inspiration for our little Dutch girl."

What was the hardest aspect of the shoot? "Getting the right pose, getting something that felt modern and natural, yet had the look of another time. Also, we didn't have the cast of *Ben Hur* so a few times I had to ask the makeup artist to sit in, which he kindly did as our Apollo."

In producing his lush homage Adams found that a 21st century photographer faces some of the same struggles as an Old Master, albeit at higher speed. "You both have to get the light right. Every detail would have been very considered in the original paintings, but I tried to condense 500 years into an afternoon."





Bryan Adams









Bryan Adams



Jean Jacques Dicker

A gifted amateur
and proud of it,
Jean-Jacques Dicker
raises boudoir-based
erotica to a level
of fine art.

Text Glenn Peters

JEAN-JACQUES DICKER recalls seeing an amazing looking woman at the local shopping centre and thinking she would look great in a photo... kissing his wife.

Dicker raced home to tell his wife of his great idea. She agreed. "Later, when walking with my wife, I saw the same woman, so we approached and asked if I could take photos of her and my wife kissing. We became friends and the kissing was fun. I will leave the rest to your imagination."

Twenty-five years later the Swiss-born, Hawaiian-based photographer, who brags of having once lived in a brothel in Kenya, has that same photo hanging in Zurich's prestigious Kunsthhaus – and others in galleries from Paris to Greece to his hometown, Honolulu.

Dicker owes his artistic direction to an experience he had while studying photography at the University Of Hawaii, 30 years ago. As part of the course, he met an industrious local photographer who took shots all week and on weekends hid the camera under his bed.

To an aspiring artist, this was a horror story. "I never wanted to fall out of love with photography," Dicker explains. "He also said that it was very hard to make taking photos of brown shoes interesting. I never wanted to be put into such a situation. This way I shoot how I want. If someone wants to purchase or publish it, bless their hearts."

Since he first studied photography in the early 1970s, Dicker has refused to work commercially. Instead, he has supported his passions in art, women and travel (his second book is a collection of photos taken in Africa in the mid 1970s and early 1980s) by working as a waiter in a tiny Italian restaurant in Honolulu. Dicker assures, "That's my primary source of income. I get little shots published in magazines and that's very rewarding. It's a great life so I can't complain."

Of course, working as a waiter is expedient for a bloke who does not use professional models. Most of his subjects are beautiful diners charmed and lured back to his home studio.

An indication of the consistency of Dicker's vision over the years, the provocative crotch-and-mirror photo ("a great shot") was taken at his home just over a year ago. "I'm an easy going guy," says Dicker, describing the shoot. "You want her to be happy as well. She's good enough to be naked for me so I have to honour her body. Lay, here. Do this and do that. I know what I want."

And the woman in the see-through knickers? "Yeah, that was Sarah. She had a great ass." Even non-professionals, it seems, can't resist a little technical talk.





















Peter Lindbergh

Text Samantha Selinger-Munn

In another plot twist for the Pirelli Calendar, Peter Lindbergh directs Hollywood's hot young things on a fake film noir set.

IT SHOULD COME as no surprise to learn that Peter Lindbergh was once a window dresser. After all, the renowned fashion photographer has always made fantasy his domain, has always revelled in what life should look like, and not what it actually does.

His cinematic images have graced the pages of every major fashion magazine, and for the last 10 years he has photographed advertising campaigns for Giorgio Armani, Prada, Donna Karan, Calvin Klein, Jil Sander and Hugo Boss, among others. He has immortalised Hollywood's elite not only through fashion shoots but in tv commercials, short films and music videos.

His latest venture, the 2002 Pirelli Calendar, is no exception. It may be a radical departure for the world famous calendar – there is no nudity this time – but it is quintessential Lindbergh in that it's all about the artifice.

Populated by an assortment of young Hollywood It Girls, including Selma Blair (*Legally Blonde*), Mena Suvari (*American Beauty*), James King (*Pearl Harbor*) and Brittany Murphy (*Don't Say A Word*), Lindbergh's pages depict the evolution of beautiful girls into untouchable Armani-clad dames. With Lindbergh's help, we become privy to the Hollywood machine as makeup is applied, scripts are toted, wistful stares are perfected and the cameras roll.

Lindbergh deliberately selected stars whose heydays are still to come. "When we were thinking about who to shoot we decided that it would be so much more artistic and so much more surprising to photograph the up-and-coming actresses who are going to be big in one or two years. So we picked them all not so much after their look, but after what they do. The casting is really that little slice of a generation who has just made it, who is moving up, and who will become really, really big."

Always one to use contrast to maximum effect, Lindbergh, who grew up in the industrial West German town of Duisberg, juxtaposes fresh-faced beauty with an industrial setting – the backlot of Paramount Studios in Los Angeles. The tools of the shoot are mixed with apparatus for a fictitious noir thriller, with dolly tracks, industrial fans, and boom microphones cluttering the frames.

"Portraying women in a technical setting has always fascinated me," Lindbergh once said. "I like that backstage feeling. It's not pretentious; it adds a technical aspect which contrasts with the femininity of the photographs."







Brittany Murphy © Pirelli Calendar, 2002











24 April 1997
Bob Carlos Clarke, The Australian Ballet, David Lynch, Winona Ryder, They Might Be Giants

25 June 1997
William Klein, Tara Jaksewicz, Mark Gerber, Arthur C Clarke, Helen Mirren, Bruce Beresford, Tomato, Porn Chic

26 August 1997
Mario Testino, Annaliese Braakensiek, Simon Lyndon, David Bowie, Famke Janssen, The Sacred Gene

27 October 1997
Fabrizio Ferr, Emma Harrison, Scott Irwin, Angela Bassett, Andres Serrano, Allen

20 August 1996
Patrick Demarchelier, Tottie Goldsmith, Damian Walshe-Howling, Leonardo DiCaprio, Lolita, Youth Culture

21 October 1996
Peter Lindbergh, Simone Buchanan, Marcus Graham, Jay McInerney, Barbara Kruger, Kate Winslet

22 December 1996
Paolo Roversi, Coco, Stephen Dorff, Keith Haring, Tim Burton, Todd Solondz, Life On Mars

23 February 1997
Peter Lindbergh, Nicola Charles, Scott Michelson, Christopher Walken, Julian Schnabel, Immortality

16 December 1995
Duane Michals, Alyssa-Jane Cook, Murray Bartlett, Dennis Hopper, Gina Gershon, Devo

17 February 1996
Jan Saudek, Kimberley Davies, Olaf Martens, Melissa Tkautz, Gerry Deveaux, Jim Jarmusch, John Travolta, Confession Culture

18 April 1996
Dominique Derrisbourg, Aussie Male Supermodels, Tamasin Nolan, Andy Warhol, Demi Moore, Cuba

19 June 1996
Dominique Derrisbourg, Aussie Male Supermodels, Tamasin Nolan, Andy Warhol, Demi Moore, Cuba

12 April 1995
Bruce Weber, Tania Lacey, Manpower, Geena Davis, Peter Carey, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Teen Movies, Cyber Censors

13 June 1995
Ellen Von Unwerth, Naomi Watts, Drew Barrymore, Penny Arcade, Betty Page, Christo, Body Piercing

14 August 1995
Douglas Brothers, Spencer Tunick, Walé, Madonna, Woody Harrelson, Net surfing, Artificial Life

15 October 1995
Aldo Falla, Rebekah Cross, Terry Sero, Jean-Baptiste Mondino, Lenny Kravitz, Photoart

08 August 1994
David Hamilton, Portia de Rossi, Max Sharam, Winton Marsalis, Madame Lash, Cyril Collard, Art Nudes

09 October 1994
Nick Knight, Indigo and Andy de Luze, Fiona Home, Russell Crowe, Wil Self, Quentin Tarantino, Techno Sex

10 December 1994
John Swannell, Guy Pearce, Pippa Grandison, Antonio Banderas, Bret Easton Ellis, Douglas Coupland

11 February 1995
Albert Watson, Melissa George, Trevor Hendy, Noam Chomsky, Johnny Depp, Ethan Hawke, Kevin Smith

04 December 1993
Greg Gorman, Kate Fischer, Jon Stevens, Erick Perl, Uma Thurman, Madonna, The 80s, Supermodels

05 February 1994
David Bailey, Lisa Loecker, William Gibson, Quentin Crisp, Gilbert and George, Sapphire Chic

06 April 1994
Annie Leibovitz, Peter Andre, Jacqueline McKenzie, Federico Fellini, Denzel Washington, Feminist Porn

07 June 1994
Javier Vallbona, Pierre et Gilles, Kathryn Dunn, Simon Burke, Derek Jarman, Brenton Heath-Kerr, Photo Fetish

00 Summer 1992
Helmut Newton, Kym Wilson, Simon Denry, Marcus Graham, Angie Bowie, Sexy Tokyo, Amageddon

01 June 1993
Herb Rits, Danni Minogue, Miranda Otto, Gavin Hanson, Camilla Paglia, Chrissie Amphlett, Blade Runner

02 August 1993
Jeanpaul Sartre, Sotte Fornica, Simon Day, Robert Hughes, Kenneth Anger, Roman Polanski, Pier Paolo Pasolini

03 October 1993
Robert Mapplethorpe, Dee Smart, Margaret Ulrich, John Adam, Michael Jackson, Bob Ellis, Jean Baudrillard

Back Issues

52 May 2001/Design
Claudio Silvestrini, Tadao Ando,
Bill McMahon, Tom Dixon, Jean Nouvel,
National Museum Of Australia

53 June 2001
David Wenham, Rachel Weisz,
Liv Tyler, Ricky Swallow,
Simone Kessell, Julie Dennis Brothers,
Lugene Girls, Radiohead

56 October 2001
Chloe Maxwell, Billy Zane,
Ray Lawrence, Mark Hamill, Willemine
Pernette and Flors Leuvenberg

57 November 2001/Design
Fabien Baron, Alyssa Sutherland,
James Whitlow Delano, Future Systems,
Allen Smithies, Young Oz Designers

58 December 2001
Viggo Mortensen, Belinda Chapple,
Spencer McLaren, Bishop Spang,
Jerry Avenaim, Belgrade

48 December 2000
Tempany Deckert, Alek Wek,
Peggy Sirota, Marc Newson,
Cameron Crowe, Iceland

49 February 2001
Gigi Edgley, Mario Testino, Charlize
Theron, Mao Zedong, Alfred Kresley,
The Exorcist

50 March 2001/Fashion
Nude Celebrity Retrospective,
Rose Byrne, Anna Sui, Moulin Rouge,
Patrick Bateman, The New Suit

51 April 2001
Guy Pearce, Tony Mussett,
Gillian Anderson, Inez van Lamsweerde
and Vinoodh Matadin, Serge Gainsbourg

44 August 2000
Fritz Kok, Abi Tucker, Christian Bale,
Sofia Coppola, Rankin, Art Of Glass,
DV8, Miranda Penn Turn

45 September 2000/Fashion
Megan Gale, Rachel Blanchard,
Matthew Newton, Santie D'Orazio,
Viktor + Rolf, Tova To

46 October 2000
Cheyenne Coates, Jean-Baptiste Mondino,
Harrison Ford, Penelope Cruz,
Alex Lloyd, Spencer Tunick

47 November 2000/Design
Frank Gehry, Adam Cullen,
Imogen Bailey, James Houston,
St Germain, Armin Linke, Berlin

40 December 1999
Karin Thomas, Angelina Jolie,
Kimberly Stewart, Tim Robbins,
Victor Skrebneski, Corey Page

41 February 2000
Frances Nars, Emily Watson,
Tracey Moffatt, Lara Feltham,
Pedro Almodovar, Melissa George

42 April 2000
Gian Paolo Barbien, Markus Klinko,
Sarah Polley, Eddie Izzard,
Daniel Goddard, Monet Mazur

43 June 2000
Harry Borden, Krista Vondy,
Adam Garcia, John Cusack, Marino
Pansotto Vay, New Beauty, Fur

36 April 1999
Ellen Von Unwerth, Andrea Thompson,
Con Demeitrou, Rankin, Cindy Sherman,
Artificial Intelligence

37 June 1999
Nobuyoshi Araki, Natasha Gregson
Wagner, Nick Rogers, Bill Hanson,
Underworld, Stanley Kubrick

38 August 1999
Tony Ward, Franco Lacosta,
Rosa McGowan, Robert Carlyle, Beth
Orton, Leellee Sobieski, New York Sexpo

39 October 1999
Horst P Horst, Jacinta Stapleton,
Mary Rozzi, David Cronenberg,
Radha Mitchell, Fabrice

32 August 1998
Karl Lagerfeld, Natalie Mendoza,
Josef Brown, Elizabeth Berkley,
Comme des Garçons, Wallpaper

33 October 1998
Manno Pansotto Vay, Belinda McClory,
Richard Gere, Irvine Welsh,
Retro Futurism

34 December 1998
Ralph Gibson, Terasa Livingstone
& Jamie Dune, Christopher Chronis,
John Waters, Orlan

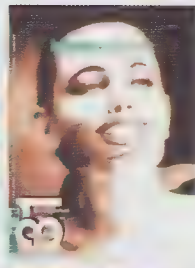
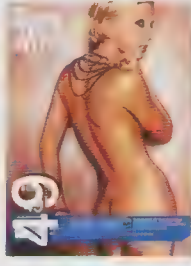
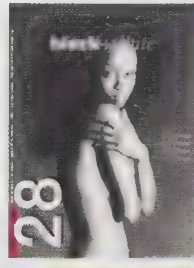
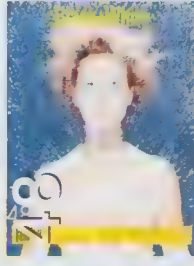
35 February 1999
Santie D'Orazio, Aleksandra Vujacic,
Opell Ross, PJ Harvey, Marko Mori,
Aboriginal Art

28 December 1997
Daniela Federico, Richard Egle,
Susie Porter, Johnny Depp, U2,
Erotic Dancers, Killer Babes

29 February 1998
Robert Faber, Robyn Louie,
Gillian Armstrong, Dorian Hoffman,
Annie Sprinkle, Times Square

30 April 1998
Stephane Sednaoui, Rachael Blake,
Shane Placentino, Chloe Sevigny,
Courtney Love, Reality Tv

31 June 1998
Giles Berquet, Louise Crawford,
Luciano Martucci, Gary Oldman,
Henri Cartier-Bresson, Damien Hirst



Subscriptions & Back Issues

ALL PRICES ARE IN AUSTRALIAN DOLLARS AND INCLUDE POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGES

Not Only Black+White® IS PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR. TO RECEIVE THE NEXT SIX ISSUES OR TO ORDER A BACK ISSUE, INDICATE YOUR CHOICE BY TICKING THE APPROPRIATE BOX AND RETURN A COPY OF THE FORM TO: Not Only Black+White® LEVEL 3, 101-111 WILLIAM ST, EAST SYDNEY, NSW 2011, AUSTRALIA. TELEPHONE (02) 9360 1422 FACSIMILE (02) 9360 9550

BACK ISSUES PRICES VALID FROM 1ST FEBRUARY TO 31ST MARCH 2002

ISSUES #00 THROUGH #51
AUSTRALIA \$45.00 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$50.00 ASIA \$55.00 ELSEWHERE \$65.00

☐ ISSUE #00	☐ ISSUE #13	☐ ISSUE #26	☐ ISSUE #39
☐ ISSUE #01	☐ ISSUE #14	☐ ISSUE #27	☐ ISSUE #40
☐ ISSUE #02	☐ ISSUE #15	☐ ISSUE #28	☐ ISSUE #41
☐ ISSUE #03	☐ ISSUE #16	☐ ISSUE #29	☐ ISSUE #42
☐ ISSUE #04	☐ ISSUE #17	☐ ISSUE #30	☐ ISSUE #43
☐ ISSUE #05	☐ ISSUE #18	☐ ISSUE #31	☐ ISSUE #44
☐ ISSUE #06	☐ ISSUE #19	☐ ISSUE #32	☐ ISSUE #45
☐ ISSUE #07	☐ ISSUE #20	☐ ISSUE #33	☐ ISSUE #46
☐ ISSUE #08	☐ ISSUE #21	☐ ISSUE #34	☐ ISSUE #47
☐ ISSUE #09	☐ ISSUE #22	☐ ISSUE #35	☐ ISSUE #48
☐ ISSUE #10	☐ ISSUE #23	☐ ISSUE #36	☐ ISSUE #49
☐ ISSUE #11	☐ ISSUE #24	☐ ISSUE #37	☐ ISSUE #50
☐ ISSUE #12	☐ ISSUE #25	☐ ISSUE #38	☐ ISSUE #51

ISSUES #52 THROUGH #57
AUSTRALIA \$35.00 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$40.00 ASIA \$45.00 ELSEWHERE \$55.00

☐ ISSUE #52	☐ ISSUE #53	☐ ISSUE #54	☐ ISSUE #55	☐ ISSUE #56	☐ ISSUE #57
------------------------------------	------------------------------------	------------------------------------	------------------------------------	------------------------------------	------------------------------------

ISSUE #58
AUSTRALIA \$25.00 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$30.00 ASIA \$35.00 ELSEWHERE \$45.00

☐ BACK ISSUES

Back issues and boxed sets are copies which have been returned from newsagents in good condition

MAGAZINE BOXED SETS 8 ISSUES OF YOUR CHOICE IN A CUSTOM-MADE BOX
PLEASE INDICATE ISSUES

☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------

AUSTRALIA \$280.00 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$285.00 ASIA \$294.00 ELSEWHERE \$334.00

MAGAZINE BOX ONLY ☐

AUSTRALIA \$49.50 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$40.00 ASIA \$42.00 ELSEWHERE \$55.00

SUBSCRIPTIONS SIX ISSUES

AUSTRALIA \$72.00 (INC. GST)	☐
NEW ZEALAND \$100.00	☐
ASIA \$155.00	☐
ELSEWHERE \$185.00	☐

PAYER'S DETAILS

SURNAME: MR/MRS/MS _____

FIRST NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ POST CODE _____

COUNTRY _____ TELEPHONE _____

EMAIL _____

I ENCLOSE CREDIT CARD DETAILS OR CHEQUE MADE PAYABLE TO STUDIO MAGAZINES TO THE VALUE OF \$AUD _____

BANKCARD ☐	VISA ☐	MASTERCARD ☐	AMEX ☐
-----------------------------------	-------------------------------	-------------------------------------	-------------------------------

CREDIT CARD NUMBER: _____

CARDHOLDER'S NAME _____

CARD EXPIRY DATE _____ DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

PLEASE SEND SUBSCRIPTION TO ME ☐

PLEASE SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO: ☐

SURNAME: MR/MRS/MS _____

FIRST NAME _____

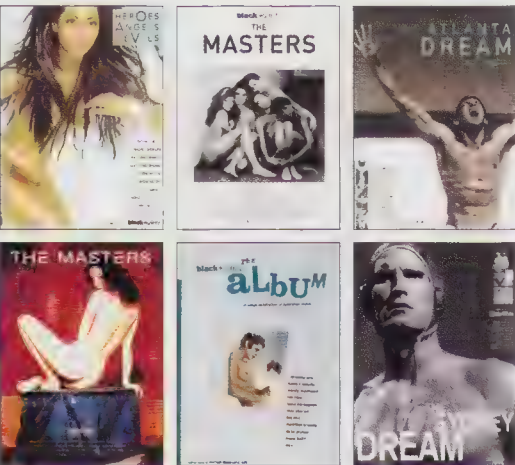
ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ POST CODE _____

COUNTRY _____ TELEPHONE _____

EACH GIFT SUBSCRIPTION COMES WITH AN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARD

PLEASE SEND THE GIFT CARD: ☐ TO ME AT MY ADDRESS ☐ TO MY FRIEND AT THEIR ADDRESS AND CHEQUE NAME _____



The Special Issues

THE ATLANTA DREAM ☐

THE BLACK+WHITE ALBUM ☐

HEROES, ANGELS, DEVILS ☐

THE MASTERS ☐

THE SYDNEY DREAM ☐

THE MASTERS VOL TWO ☐

AUSTRALIA \$66.00 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$70.00
ASIA \$70.00 ELSEWHERE \$75.00

THE ATLANTA DREAM _ HARBACK EDITION ☐

THE BLACK+WHITE ALBUM _ HARBACK EDITION ☐

THE SYDNEY DREAM _ HARBACK EDITION ☐

AUSTRALIA \$115.50 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$120.00
ASIA \$115.00 ELSEWHERE \$120.00

THE MASTERS VOL TWO _ INTERNATIONAL EDITION (AD-FREE) ☐

AUSTRALIA \$75.00 (INC. GST) NEW ZEALAND \$80.00
ASIA \$80.00 ELSEWHERE \$85.00

Q&A Malcolm Day

Text Angus Fontaine

He calls himself Australia's **King Of Sex** and what he doesn't know about the horizontal fandango isn't worth knowing. He's Malcolm Day: porn lord, mummy's boy and CEO of AdultShop.com, Australia's leading 'blue' chip etailer. Ten years ago he was a civil engineer lumped in with the raincoat brigade because he would visit the occasional sex shop and walk out with something for the weekend. These days he's a multimillionaire with offices in the US and Europe, a desk draw full of vibrating nipple clamps, and his finger firmly (but tenderly) on the G-spot inside the big business of bonking.

BLACK+WHITE What's the difference between erotica and pornography?

MALCOLM DAY It's a tricky question. Generally, erotica is what's acceptable to the Office Of Film And Literature Classification, whereas porn leans more to a perception of RC - 'Refused Classification'. But in essence, when it comes to sex between consenting adults, almost anything goes. So what's taboo?

Well when I use the words 'sex' 'consenting' and 'adults' I do so carefully because there are three things which are generally out-of-bounds worldwide: sex with minors, sex with animals, and violent sex and snuff. We've also had urination and fisting banned, but that's where Brian Harradine's beliefs differ to mine because I believe that his laws don't reflect the current attitudes of the average Australian.

Is the average Australian slowly coming around to your way of thinking?

I'd say they're very quickly coming around. You watch shows like *The Secret Life Of Us* and *Sex And The City* and you'll hear the F-word being bandied about pretty regularly and even the C-word on occasion. Read the women's magazines and you'll see that most of them are sold on sex-related cover lines: 'How to get the Big O', 'Mysteries of the G-spot' et cetera. So consumer attitudes have changed dramatically but classification guidelines haven't followed suit.

Can you put a price on an orgasm?

Nah, I don't think so. But I will say that over the last few years our sales of the more expensive vibrators, particularly the ones with the clitoral stimulators, have skyrocketed. So, if you want to put a price on the female orgasm, ask the thousands and thousands of women who have bought our biggest seller: the Koala Boy.

Which nationality has the biggest appetite for erotica?

Everyone thinks Germans are dirty buggers but their laws are more restrictive than those in Australia. Then there's the Netherlands which is by far the most liberal country in terms of erotica. They only recently put a ban on bestiality. Up until then sex with animals in magazines and movies was allowed. Now there is a market for animal sex but I hope people don't genuinely get off sexually on these movies. I hope most people bought them for the 'wow' factor.

Why has the Koala Boy revolutionised the Australian boudoir?

Australian men suffer from serious penis envy. If they were to go into a sex shop to buy their girlfriend or wife a sex toy they'd more often than not come out with

a 12-inch dildo as thick as a Coke can for 30 bucks. Now fortunately for us guys, if the girlfriend or wife went into a sex shop she'd come out with a six-inch vibrator like the Koala Boy which spins around inside and has a clitoral stimulator on the front.

How far have you come regarding getting erotica into the mainstream?

It's a misnomer that there's only one type of person who frequents sex shops or shops on line for sex. Phone sex, which thanks to Harradine is now a dying business, was at one stage doing 18 million calls a year - that's one for every Australian! Erotica serves an incredibly varied demographic, everyone from 18 to 80, doctors and lawyers, brickies and plumbers, probably even editors of magazines and journalists. No doubt. But is erotica art?

Of course it depends on your definitions of both erotica and art. In my office I have a lot of black-and-white photography of nudes where the lighting is moody and the girls don't have their legs wide open, and in that they're more reminiscent of early 1920s Paris and that's high art.

Is Hugh Hefner a hero?

He is and he isn't. Playboy Inc lost US\$48 million last year and Playboy.com lost \$28 million, so I don't think I could say Hef was a mentor on how to make money. But anyone who's 78, has got seven girlfriends, and uses a lot of hair-dye and Viagra has to be pretty cool.



Simon Lekias



The End Page

By
Melissa
Huyghebaert

Get Published On B+W's End Page

Black+White invites photographers, artists and graphic designers worldwide to contribute work for the End Page encapsulating or interpreting the phrase Not Only Black+White. Submit artwork as jpeg files to: endpage@studio.com.au or as dupe prints/ transparencies by post to: Art Director, Black+White, Level 3, 101-111 William Street, East Sydney, NSW 2011, Australia. Please do not send originals - we cannot return them. For conditions of entry e-mail us at: endpage@studio.com.au

INTRODUCING THE SEASON'S INDISPENSIBLE COLOURS

Black+White
MODE

A FASHION MAGAZINE
FOR WOMEN AND MEN

ISSUE ONE
AUTUMN/WINTER 2002
ON SALE MARCH





Longines DolceVita
Stainless steel / 18K gold

Elegance is an attitude

LONGINES®

L'ELEGANCE DU TEMPS DEPUIS 1832

Longines DolceVita, in stainless steel and 18k gold fitted with a scratch-resistant sapphire crystal. RRP \$3,975 (incl. GST).
For further information, Tel: (03) 9510 5301 Fax: (03) 9529 5172.